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SONG OF THE U. S. COAST SURVEY.

BY REV. DR. CUMMINGS.

We are Surveyors of the Coast
 In weather dark or fine;
The line we follow is not base
 Though we follow a *base line*.
We aim at *progress* all the time
 And are attached to station,
We're oft observed to *take* as well
 As *make an observation*.

The ladies think we're gay, because
 We always have a *party*,
And fond of music's dulcet sound,
 For *sounding* is our *forte*.
Indeed we always keep good time,
 We are in figures free,
We often measure *bars* by scores
 And *sound* the *deep, deep C.*

We love the stripes and prize the *stars*,
 And note down their *reflections*;
Seeking the Union to preserve
 We cut it up in *sections*.
The friends of Freedom in our midst
 Are chiefly 'mong our artists,
For while some *chain* the country o'er
 You'll always find them *chartists*.

Free Masonry 's not in our plans,
 E'en when we're up in *passes*,
Although by *square* and *compass* too
 We regulate the *masses*.
Bards we are not, though oftentimes
 Surrounded by the *bays*,
Each has his *rule*—a good rule too;
 For why,—it works both ways.

True, *in a canvass* we're at home
 Although no politicians,
We deal in *roots*—they're *cubic* ones—
 And we are not physicians.
We're good housekeepers, we'd have *bright*
 Whatever we lay eyes on,
So, frequently we *scour the fields*
 And often *sweep th' horizon*.

We elevate *the glass* whene'er
 To see we are not able,
We can see double then; and yet
 We've always a *plane-table*.
We shoot the sun, and *bring him down*
 Despite the laws of Nature,
'Tis said the "tide waits for no man,"
 Yet we have a *tide-waiter*.

We try not to be angular,
 Then do *triangulation*,
And 'midst profound researches rise
 By *signal elevation*.
Thus we're Surveyors of the Coast,
 In weather dark or fine;
The line we follow is not base,
 Though we follow a *base line*.

◆

THE HIDDEN HAND.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING," "THE DESERTED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE PERIL AND THE PLUCK OF CAP'.

"Who that had seen her form so light
 For swiftness only turned,
Would e'er have thought in a thing so slight,
 Such a fiery spirit burned?"

Very dreary looked the dark and silent passages as they went on towards Capitola's distant chamber.

When at last they reached it, however, and opened the door, the cheerful scene within quite re-animated Capitola's spirits. The care of her little maid had prepared a blazing wood fire that lighted up the whole room brightly, glowing on the crimson curtains of the bed and the crimson hangings of the windows opposite, and flashing upon the high mirror between them.

Capitola having secured her room in every way, stood before her dressing bureau and began to take off her collar, under-sleeves, and other small articles of dress. As she stood there, her mirror, brilliantly lighted up by both lamp and fire, reflected clearly the opposite bed, with its warm crimson curtains, white coverlet, and little Pitapat flitting from post to post, as she tied back the curtains or smoothed the sheets.

Capitola stood unclasping her bracelets, and smiling to herself at the reflected picture—the comfortable nest in which she was so soon to curl herself up in sleep. While she was smiling thus, she tilted the mirror downwards a little for her better convenience, and looking into it again—

Horror! what did she see reflected there? Under the bed a pair of glaring eyes, watching her from the shadows!

A sick sensation of fainting came over her; but mastering the weakness, she tilted the glass a little lower, until it reflected all the floor, and looked again.

Horrors on horrors! there were three stalwart ruffians armed to the teeth, lurking in ambush under her bed!

The deadly inclination to swoon returned upon her; but with a heroic effort she controlled her fears, and forced herself to look.

Yes, there they were! It was no dream, no illusion, no nightmare—there they were, three powerful desperadoes, armed with bowie knives and revolvers, the nearest one crouching low, and watching her with his wolfish eyes, that shone like phosphorus in the dark.

What should she do? The danger was extreme, the necessity of immediate action imminent, the need of perfect self-control absolute! There was Pitapat flitting about the bed in momentary danger of looking under it! If she should, their lives would not be worth an instant's purchase! Their throats would be cut before they should utter a second scream! It was necessary, therefore, to call Pitapat away from the bed, where her presence was as dangerous as the proximity of a lighted candle to an open powder barrel!

But how to trust her voice to do this?—a single quaver in her tones would betray her consciousness of their presence to the lurking robbers and prove instantly fatal!

Happily Capitola's pride in her own courage came to her aid.

"Is it possible," she said to herself—"that after all, I am a coward and have not even nerve and will enough to command the tones of my own voice? Fie on it! cowardice is worse than death!"

And summoning all her resolution she spoke up, glibly—

"Patty! come here and unhook [illegible] dress."

"Yes, miss, I will just as soon as I get your slippers from unnerneat of de bed!"

"I don't want them! come here this minute and unhook my dress, I can't breathe! Plague take these country dressmakers, they think the tighter they screw one up the more fashionable they make one appear! Come, I say, and set my lungs at liberty."

"Yes, miss, in one minute," said Pitapat; and to Capitola's unspeakable horror the little maid stooped down and felt along under the side of the bed, from the head post to the foot post, until she put her hands upon the slippers and brought them forth! Providentially, the poor little wretch had not for an instant put her stupid head under the bed, or used her eyes in the search!—that was all that saved them from instant massacre!

"Here dey is, Caterpillar! I knows how yer foots mus' be as much out of breaf wid yer tight gaiters as your waise is long of yer tight dress."

"Unhook me!" said Capitola, tilting up the glass lest the child should see what horrors were reflected there.

The little maid began to obey, and Capitola tried to think of some plan to escape their imminent danger. To obey the natural impulse—to fly from the room would be instantly fatal! they would be followed and murdered in the hall, before they could possibly give the alarm! And to whom could she give the alarm when there was not another creature in the house except Mrs. Condiment?

While she was turning these things over in her mind it occurred to her that "man's extremity is God's opportunity." Sending up a silent prayer to heaven for help at need, she suddenly thought of a plan—it was full of difficulty, uncertainty and peril, affording not one chance in fifty of success, yet the only possible plan of escape! It was to find some plausible pretext for leaving the room without exciting suspicion, which would be fatal. Controling her tremors, and speaking cheerfully, she asked—

"Patty! do you know whether there were any of those nice quince tarts left from dinner?"

"Lor! yes, Miss, a heap on 'em! Ole Mis' put 'em away in her cubbed."

"Was there any baked custard left?"

"Lors, yes, Miss Caterpillar! dere was nobody but we-dens three, and think *I* could eat up all as was left?"

"I don't know but you might! Well, is there any pear-sauce?"

"Yes, Miss, a big bowl full."

"Well, I wish you'd go down and bring me up a tart, a cup of custard and a spoonful of pear-sauce. Sitting up so late makes me as hungry as a wolf! Come, Patty, go along!"

"'Deed, Miss, Ise 'fraid!" whimpered the little maid.

"Afraid of what, you goose?"

"'Fraid of meeting of a ghose in the dark places!"

"Pooh! you can take the light with you! *I* can stay here in the dark well enough."

"'Deed, Miss, Ise 'fraid!"

"What! with the candle, you blockhead?"

"Lors, Miss, de candle wouldn't be no 'tection! I'd see de ghoses all de plainer wid de candle!"

"What a provoking, stupid dolt! you're a proper maid! afraid to do my bidding! afraid of *ghosts*, forsooth. Well! I suppose I shall have to go myself; plague on you for an aggravating thing! There! take the candle and come along!" said Capitola, in a tone of impatience.

Pitapat took up the light, and stood ready to accompany her mistress. Capitola, humming a gay tune, went to the door and unlocked and opened it.

She wished to withdraw the key, so as to lock it on the other side and secure the robbers, and insure the safety of her own retreat; but to do this without betraying her purpose and destroying her own life seemed next to impossible. Still singing gaily she ran over in her mind with the quic[illegible] every possible means by which she [illegible] draw the key silently, or without attra[illegible] attention of the watchful robbers. (It i[illegible]'t to say what she would have done, [illegible]ance instantly favored her.

At the sa[illegible] that she unlocked and opened the d[illegible] held the key in her hand fearful of withdr[illegible] it, Pitapat, who was hurrying after her w[illegible] the candle, tripped and fell against a chair, with a great noise, under cover of which Capitola drew forth the key.

Scolding and pushing Pitapat out before her, she closed the door with a bang; with the quickness of lightning she slipped the key in the key-hole, and turned the lock,—covering the whole with loud and angry railing against poor Pitapat, who silently wondered at this unhappy change in her mistress's temper, but ascribed it all to hunger, muttering to herself—

"Ise offen hern tell how people's cross when dere empty! Lors knows ef I don't fetch up a whole heap o' wittels ebery night for Miss Caterpillar from dis time forred, so I will! 'deed me!"

So they went on through the long passages and empty rooms, Capitola carefully locking every door behind her, until she got down stairs into the great hall.

"Now, Miss Caterpillar, ef you wants quint tart, an' pear sass, and baked cussets, an' all dem, you'll jest has to go an' wake Ole Mis' up; case dey's in her cubbed an' she's got the keys," said Pitapat.

"Never mind, Patty, you follow me," said Capitola, going to the front hall-door and beginning to unlock it and take down the bars and withdraw the bolts.

"Lors, Miss! what is yer adoin of?" asked the little maid, in wonder, as Capitola opened the door and looked out.

"I am going out a little way and you must go with me!"

"'Deed, Miss, I'se 'fraid!"

"Very well, then; stay here in the dark until I come back, but don't go to my room, because you might meet a ghost on the way!"

"Oh, Miss, I daren't stay here! indeed I daren't!"

"Then you'll have to come along with me, and so no more about it!" said Capitola, sharply, as she passed out from the door. The poor little maid followed, bemoaning the fate that bound her to so capricious a mistress.

Capitola drew the key from the hall-door and locked it on the outside. Then clasping her hands and raising her eyes to Heaven, she fervently ejaculated—

"Thank God! oh, thank God that we are safe!"

"Lors, Miss, was we in danger?"

"We are not now at any rate, Pitapat! Come along!" said Capitola, hurrying across the lawn towards the open fields.

"Oh, my goodness, Miss, where *is* yer agoin' of?—don't less us run so fur from home dis lonesome, wicked, onlawful hour o' de night!" whimpered the distressed little darkie, fearing that her mistress was certainly crazed.

"Now, then, what are you afraid of?" asked Capitola, seeing her hold back.

"Lors, Miss, *you* knows! eberybody knows—Brack Dunnel!"

"Patty, come close, listen to me, don't scream—Black Donald and his men are up there at the house, in my chamber, under the bed," whispered Capitola.

Pitapat could not scream, for though her mouth was wide open, her breath was quite gone. Shivering with fear, she kept close to her mistress's heels, as Capitola scampered over the fields.

A run of a quarter of a mile brought them to the edge of the woods, where in its little garden stood the overseer's house.

Capitola opened the gate, hurried through the little front yard, and rapped loudly at the door.

This startled the house dog into furious barking, and brought old Mr. Ezy, with his night-capped head, to the window to see what was the matter.

"It is I, Capitola, Mr. Ezy—Black Donald and his men are lurking up at the house," said our young heroine, commencing in an eager and hurried voice, and giving the overseer an account of the manner in which she had discovered the presence of the robbers, and left the room without alarming them.

The old man heard with many cries of astonishment, ejaculations of prayer, and exclamations of thanksgiving! And all the while his head was bobbing in and out of the window, as he pulled on his pantaloons or buttoned his coat.

"And oh!" he said, at last, as he opened the door to Capitola, "how providential that Mr. Herbert Greyson is arrove!"

"Herbert Greyson! Herbert Greyson arrived! Where is he, then?" exclaimed Capitola, in surprise and joy.

"Yes, sartain! Mr. Herbert arrove about an hour ago, and thinking you all were abed and asleep at the Hall, he just stopped in with us all night! I'll go and see, I doubt if he's gone to bed yet," said Mr. Ezy, withdrawing into the house.

"Oh, thank heaven! thank heaven!" exclaimed Capitola, just as the door opened and Herbert sprang forward to greet her with a——

"Dear Capitola! I am so glad to come to see you!"

"Dear Herbert! just fancy you have said that a hundred times over, and that I have replied to the same words a hundred times—for we haven't a moment to spare," said Capitola, shaking his hands, and then, in an eager, vehement manner, recounting her discovery and escape from the robbers whom she had locked up in the house.

"Go, now," she said, in conclusion, "and help Mr. Ezy to rouse up and arm the farm hands, and come immediately to the house! I am in an agony lest my prolonged absence should excite the robbers' suspicion of my ruse, and that they should break out and perhaps murder poor Mrs. Condiment. *Her* situation is awful, if she did but know it! For the love of mercy, hasten!"

Not an instant more of time was lost. Mr. Ezy and Herbert Greyson, accompanied by Capitola and Patty, hurried at once to the negroe quarters, roused up and armed the men with whatever was at hand, and enjoining them to be as stealthy as cats in their approach, set out swiftly for the Hall, where they soon arrived.

"Take off all your shoes, and walk lightly in your stocking feet—do not speak—do not breathe—follow me as silent as death," said Herbert Greyson, as he softly unlocked the front door and entered the house.

Silently and stealthily they passed through the middle hall, up the broad staircase, and through the long narrow passages and steep stairs that led to Capitola's remote chamber.

There at the door they paused awhile to listen.

All was still within.

Herbert Greyson unlocked the door, withdrew the key, and opened it and entered the room, followed by all the men. He had scarcely time to close the door and lock it on the inside, and withdraw the key, before the robbers, finding themselves surprised, burst out from their hiding-place and made a rush for the passage; but their means of escape had been already cut off by the forethought of Herbert Greyson.

A sharp conflict ensued.

Upon first being summoned to surrender, the robbers responded by a hailstorm of bullets from their revolvers, followed instantly by a charge of bowie-knives. This was met by an avalanche of blows from pick-axes, pokers, pitchforks, sledge-hammers, spades and rakes, beneath which the miscreants were quickly beaten down and overwhelmed.

They were then set upon and bound with strong ropes brought for the purpose by Mr. Ezy.

When they were thus secured hand and foot, Capitola, who had been a spectator of the whole scene, and exposed as much as any other to the rattle of the bullets, now approached and looked at the vanquished.

Black Donald certainly was not one of the party, who were no other than our old acquaintances, Hal, Steve, and Dick, of the band!

Each burglar was conveyed to a separate apartment, and a strong guard set over him.

Then Herbert Greyson, who had received a flesh wound in his left arm, returned to the scene of the conflict to look after the wounded. Several of the negroes had received gun-shot wounds of more or less importance. These were speedily attended to. Mrs. Condiment, who had slept securely through all the fight, was now awakened by Capitola, and cautiously informed of what had taken place, and assured that all danger was now over.

The worthy woman, as soon as she recovered from the consternation into which this news had plunged her, at once set about succoring the wounded. Cots and mattrasses were made up in one of the empty rooms, and bandages and balsams prepared.

And not until all who had been hurt were made comfortable, did Herbert Greyson throw himself upon horseback, and ride off to the county-seat to summon the authorities, and to inform Major Warfield of what had happened.

No one thought of retiring to bed at Hurricane Hall that night.

Mrs. Condiment, Capitola and Patty sat watching by the bedsides of the wounded.

Bill Ezy and the men who had escaped injury mounted guard over the prisoners.

Thus they all remained until sunrise, when the major, attended by the deputy-sheriff and half a dozen constables, arrived. The night ride of several miles had not sufficed to modify the fury into which Old Hurricane had been thrown by the news Herbert Greyson had aroused him from sleep to communicate. He reached Hurricane Hall in a state of excitement that his factotum Wool characterized as "boiling." But "in the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of his passion," he remembered that to rail at the vanquished, wounded and bound was unmanly, and so he did not trust himself to see or speak to the prisoners.

They were placed in a wagon, and under a strong escort of constables, were conveyed by the deputy-sheriff to the county seat, where they were securely lodged in jail.

But Old Hurricane's emotions of one sort or another were a treat to see! He bemoaned the sufferings of his poor wounded men; [illegible] at the danger to which his "women-kind" had been exposed, and he exulted in the heroism of Capitola, catching her up in his arms and crying out—

"Oh, my dear Cap.! my heroine! my queen! and it was you against whom I was plotting treason! ninny that I was! you that have saved my house from pillage and my people from slaughter! Oh, Cap., what a jewel you are, my dear!"

To all of which Capitola, extricating her curly head from his embrace, cried only—

"Bother!"

Utterly refusing to be made a lioness of, and firmly rejecting the grand triumph.

The next day Major Warfield went up to the county-seat to attend the examination of the three burglars, whom he had the satisfaction of seeing fully committed to prison to await their trial at the next term of the criminal court, which would not sit until October; consequently the prisoners had the prospect of remaining in jail some months, which Old Hurricane declared to be "some satifaction."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SEEKING HIS FORTUNE.

A wide future smiles before him,
 His heart will beat for fame,
And he will learn to breathe with love
 The music of a name,
Writ on the tablets of his heart
 In characters of flame.
SARGENT.

When the winter's course of medical lectures at the Washington College was over, late in the Spring, Traverse Rocke returned to Willow Heights.

The good doctor gave him a glad welcome, congratulating him upon his improved appearance and manly bearing.

Clara received him with blushing pleasure, and Marah Rocke with all the mother's love for her only child.

He quickly fell into the old pleasant routine of his country life; resumed his arduous studies in the doctor's office, his work in the flower-garden, and his morning rides and evening talk with the doctor's lovely child.

Not the least obstacle was set in the way of his association with Clara; yet Traverse grown stronger and wiser than his years would seem to promise, controlled both his feelings and his actions, and never departed from the most respectful reserve, or suffered himself to be drawn into that dangerous familiarity to which their constant companionship might tempt him.

Marah Rocke, with maternal pride, witnessed his constant self-control, and encouraged him to persevere. Often in the enthusiasm of her heart, when they were alone, she would throw her arm around him, and push the dark, clustering curls from his fine forehead, and, gazing fondly on his face, exclaim—

"That is my noble-hearted boy! Oh, Traverse, God will bless you! He only tries you now to strengthen you!"

Traverse always understood these vague words, and would return her embrace with all his boyish ardor, and say—

"God *does* bless me now, mother! He blesses me so much, in so many, many ways, that I should be worse than a heathen not to be willing to bear cheerfully *one* trial."

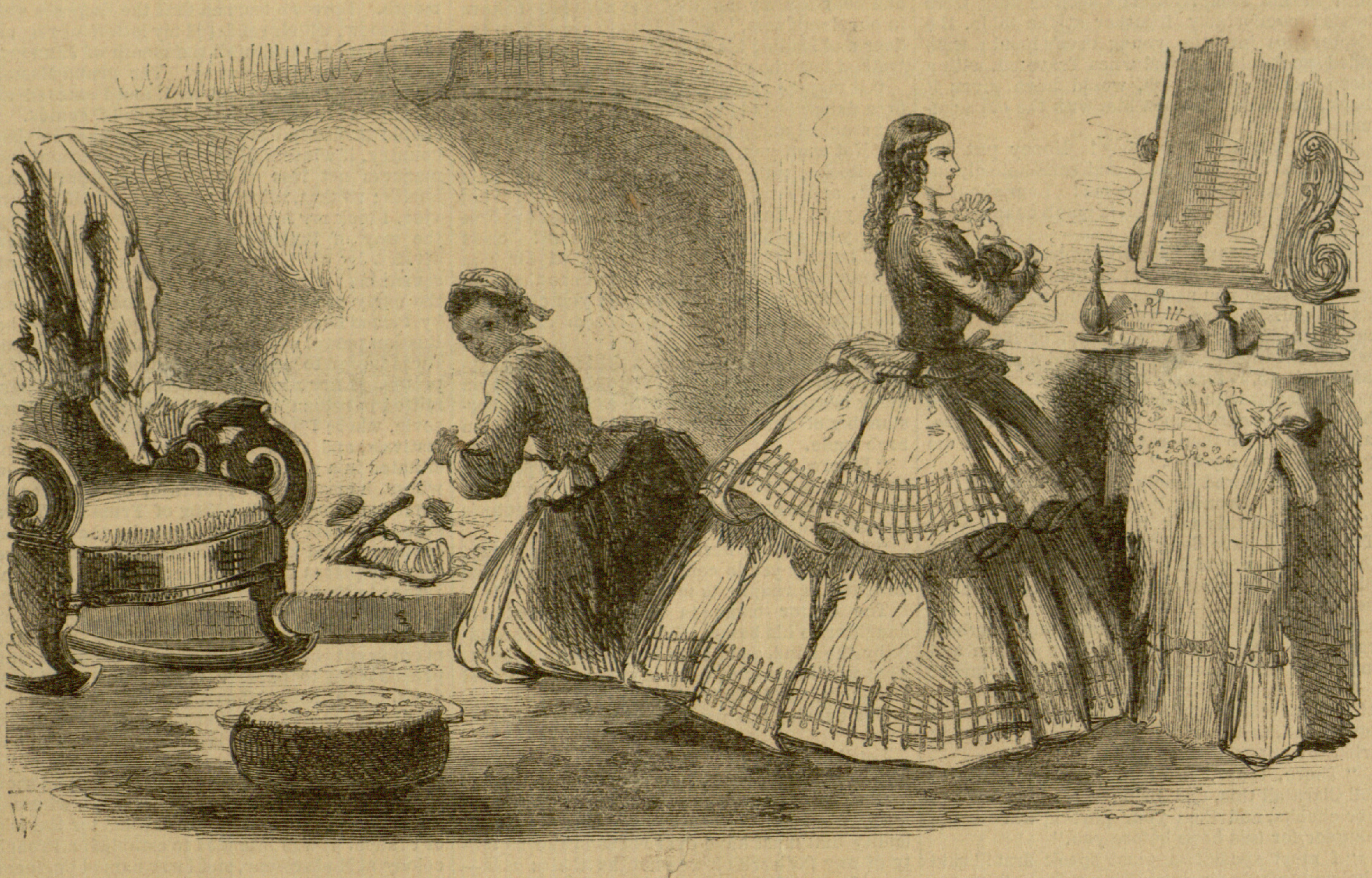
And so Traverse would "reck his own read," and cultivate cheerful gratitude as a duty to God and man.

Clara, also, now, with her feminine intuition, comprehended her reserved lover, honored his motives, and rested satisfied with being so deeply loved, trusting all their unknown future to heaven.

The doctor's appreciation and esteem for Traverse increased with every new unfolding of the youth's heart and intellect, and never did master take more pains with a favorite pupil, or father with a beloved son, than did the doctor to push Traverse on in his profession. The improvement of the youth was truly surprising.

Thus passed the summer in healthful alternation of study and exercise.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1859, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]



THE TELL-TALE MIRROR.

When the season waned, late in the autumn he went a second time to Washington to attend the winter's course of lectures at the Medical College.

The doctor gave him letters recommending him as a young man of extraordinary talents and of excellent moral character, to the particular attention of several of the most eminent professors.

His mother bore this second parting with more cheerfulness, especially as the separation was enlivened by frequent letters from Traverse, full of the history of the present and the hopes of the future.

The doctor did not forget from time to time to jog the memories of his friends, the professors of the medical college, that they might afford his protégé every facility and assistance in the prosecution of his studies.

Towards spring Traverse wrote to his friends that his hopes were sanguine of obtaining his diploma at the examination to be held at the end of the session. And when Traverse expressed this hope, they who knew him so well felt assured that he had made no vain boast.

And so it proved, for early in April Traverse Rocke returned home with a diploma in his pocket.

Sincere was the joyful sympathy that met him. The doctor shook him cordially by the hands, declaring that he was the first student he ever knew to get his diploma at the end of only three year's study.

Clara, amid smiles and blushes, congratulated him.

And Mrs. Rocke, as soon as she had him alone, threw her arms around his neck and wept for joy.

A few days Traverse gave up solely to enjoyment of his friends' society, and then growing restless, he began to talk of opening an office and hanging out a sign in Staunton.

He consulted the doctor upon this subject. The good doctor heard him out, and then caressing his own chin and looking over the tops of his spectacles, with good humored satire, he said—

"My dear boy, you have confidence enough in me by this time to bear that I should speak plainly to you?"

"Oh, Doctor Day! *just say whatever you like!*" replied the young man, fervently.

"Very well, then! I shall speak *very* plainly—to wit—you'll never succeed in Staunton! no, not if you had the genius of Galen and Esculapius, Abernethy and Benjamin Rush put together!"

"My dear sir!—why?"

"Because, my son, it is written that 'a prophet hath no honor in his own city!' Of our blessed Lord and Saviour the contemptuous Jews said—'Is not this Jesus, the carpenter's son?'"

"Oh, I understand you, sir!" said Traverse, with a deep blush—"you mean that the people who used some years ago to employ me to put in their coal and saw their wood and run their errands, will never trust me to look at their tongues and feel their pulses and write prescriptions!"

"That's it, my boy! you've defined the difficulty! And now I'll tell you what you are to do, Traverse! You must go to the West, my lad!"

"Go to the West, sir! leave my mother! leave you! leave——" he hesitated and blushed.

——"*Clara?*—Yes, my son, you must go to the West, leave your mother, leave me and leave *Clara!* it will be best for all parties! We managed to live without our lad, when he was away at his studies in Washington, and we will try to dispense with him longer if it be for his own good!"

"[illegible]! but *then* absence had a limitation, and the hope of return sweetened every day that passed; but if I go to the West to settle it will be without the remotest hope of returning!"

"Not so, my boy! not so! for just as soon as Doctor Rocke has established himself in some thriving western town, and obtained a good practice, gained a high reputation and made himself a home—which, as he is a fast young man in the best sense of the phrase, he can do in a very few years—he may come back here and carry to his Western home—his mother," said the doctor, with a mischievous twinkle of his eyes.

"Doctor Day, I owe you more than a son's honor and obedience! I will go wherever you think it best that I should," said Traverse, earnestly.

"No more than I expected from all my previous knowledge of you, Traverse! And I, on my part, will give you only such counsel as I should give my own son, had heaven blessed me with one. And now, Traverse, there is no better season for emigration than the Spring, and no better point to stop and make observations at than St. Louis! Of course, the place of your final destination must be left for future consideration. I have influential friends at St. Louis to whom I will give you letters."

"Dear sir! to have matured this plan so well you must have been kindly thinking of my future this long time past!" said Traverse, gratefully.

"Of course! of course! Who has a better right? Now go and break this plan to your mother."

Traverse pressed the doctor's hand and went to seek his mother. He found her in his room busy among his clothing. He begged her to stop and sit down while he talked to her. And when she had done so, he told her the doctor's plan. He had almost feared that his mother would meet this proposition with sighs and tears.

To his surprise and pleasure, Mrs. Rocke received the news with an encouraging smile, telling him that the doctor had long prepared her to expect that her boy would very properly go and establish himself in the West; that she should correspond with him frequently, and as soon as he should be settled, come and keep house for him.

Finally she said that, anticipating this emergency, she had, during her three years' residence beneath the doctor's roof, saved three hundred dollars, which she should give her boy to start with.

The tears rushed to the young man's eyes.

"For your dear sake, mother, only for *yours*, may they become three hundred *thousand* in my hands!" he exclaimed.

Preparations were immediately commenced for Traverse's journey.

As before, Clara gladly gave her aid in getting ready his wardrobe. As he was about to make his debut as a young physician in a strange city, his mother was anxious that his dress should be faultless, and therefore put the most delicate needle-work upon all the little articles of his outfit. Clara volunteered to mark them all. And one day, when Traverse happened to be alone with his mother, she showed him his handkerchiefs, collars and linen beautifully marked in minute embroidered letters.

"I suppose, Traverse, that you being a young man, cannot appreciate the exquisite beauty of this work," she said.

"Indeed but I can, mother! I did not sit by your side so many years while you worked without knowing something about it! This is wonderful! The golden thread with which the letters are embroidered is finer than the finest silk I ever saw!" said Traverse, admiringly, to please his mother, whom he supposed to be the embroideress.

"Well they may be!" said Mrs. Rocke, "for that golden thread of which you speak is Clara's golden hair, which she herself has drawn out and threaded her needle with, and worked into the letters of your name."

Traverse suddenly looked up, his color went and came, he had no words to reply.

"I told you because I thought it would give you pleasure to know it, and that it would be a comfort to you when you are far away from us; for, Traverse, I hope that by this time you have grown strong and wise enough to have conquered yourself, and to enjoy dear Clara's friendship *aright!*"

"Mother!" he said, sorrowfully, and then his voice broke down, and without another word he turned and left the room.

To feel how deeply and hopelessly he loved the doctor's sweet daughter—to feel sure that she perceived and returned his dumb, despairing love—and to know that duty, gratitude, honor commanded him to be silent, to tear himself away from her and make no sign, was a trial almost too great for the young heart's integrity. Scarcely could he prevent the internal struggle betraying itself upon his countenance. As the time drew near for his departure self-control grew difficult and almost impossible. Even Clara lost her joyous spirits, and despite all her efforts to be cheerful, grew so pensive that her father, without seeming to understand the cause, gaily rallied her upon her dejection.

Traverse understood it and almost longed for the day to come when he should leave this scene of his love and his sore trial.

One afternoon, a few days before he was to start, Doctor Day sent for Traverse to come to him in his study. And as soon as they were seated comfortably together at the table, the doctor put into the young man's hand a well-filled pocket-book; and when Traverse, with a deep and painful blush, would have given it back, he forced it upon him with the old argument:

"It is only a loan, my boy! Money put out at interest! Capital well and satisfactorily invested! And now listen to me! I am about to speak to you of that which is much nearer your heart——"

Traverse became painfully embarrassed.

"Traverse," resumed the doctor, "I have grown to love you as a son, and to esteem you as a man. I have lived long enough to value solid integrity far beyond wealth or birth, and when that integrity is adorned and enriched by high talents, it forms a character of excellence not often met with in this world. I have proved both your integrity and your talents, Traverse, and I am more than satisfied with you; I am proud of you, my boy."

Traverse bowed deeply, but still blushed.

"You will wonder," continued the doctor, "to what all this talk tends. I will tell you. Traverse, I have long known your unspoken love for Clara, and I have honored your scruples in keeping silent, when silence must have been so painful. Your trial is now over, my son! Go and open for yourself an honorable career in the profession you have chosen and mastered, and return, and Clara shall be yours!"

Traverse, overwhelmed with surprise and joy at this incredible good fortune, seized the doctor's hand, and in wild and incoherent language tried to express his gratitude.

"There, there," said the doctor, "go and tell Clara all this, and bring the roses back to her cheeks, and then your parting will be the happier for this hope before you."

"I must speak! I must speak first!" said the young man, in a choking voice. "I must tell you some little of the deep gratitude I feel for you, sir. Oh! when I forget all that you have done for me, 'may my right hand forget her cunning!' may God and man forget me! Doctor Day, the Lord helping me for your good sake, I WILL be all that you have prophesied and hope and expect of me! For your sake, for Clara's and my mother's, I WILL bend every power of my mind, soul and body to attain the eminence you desire for me! In a word, the Lord giving me grace, I WILL become worthy of being your son and Clara's husband."

"There, there, my dear boy, go and tell Clara all that!" said the doctor, pressing the young man's hand and dismissing him.

Traverse went immediately to seek Clara, whom he found sitting alone in the parlor.

She was bending over some delicate needle-work, that Traverse knew by instinct was intended for himself.

Now, had Traverse foreseen from the first the success of his love, there might possibly have been the usual shyness and hesitation in declaring himself to the object of his affection. But although he and Clara had long deeply and silently loved and understood each other, yet neither had dared to hope for so improbable an event as the doctor's favoring their attachment, and now, under the exciting influence of the surprise, joy and gratitude with which the doctor's magnanimity had filled his heart, Traverse forgot all shyness and hesitation, and stepping quickly to Clara's side, and dropping gently upon one knee, he took her hand, and bowing his head upon it, said—

"Clara! my own, own Clara! your dear father has given me leave to tell you at last how much and how long I have loved you!" and then he arose and sat down beside her.

The blush deepened upon Clara's cheek, tears filled her eyes, and her voice trembled as she murmured—

"Heaven bless my dear father! He is unlike every other man on earth!"

"Oh, he is! he is!" said Traverse fervently—"and, dear Clara, never did a man strive so hard for wealth, fame, or glory, as I shall strive to become 'worthy to be called his son!'"

"*Do* Traverse! *do* dear Traverse! I want you to honor even his very highest drafts upon your moral and intellectual capacities! I know you are 'worthy' of his high regard now! else he never would have chosen you as his son—but I am ambitious for you, Traverse! I would have your motto be—Excelsior! Higher!" said the doctor's daughter.

"And you, dear Clara! may I venture to hope that you do not disapprove of your father's choice, or reject the hand that he permits me to offer you?" said Traverse; for though he understood Clara well enough, yet like all honest men, he wanted some definite and practical engagement.

"There is my hand, my *heart* was yours long ago," murmured the maiden in a tremulous voice.

He took and pressed that white hand to his heart, looked hesitatingly and pleadingly in her face for an instant, and then drawing her gently to his bosom, sealed their betrothal on her pure lips.

Then they sat side by side, and hand in hand, in a sweet silence for a few moments, and then Clara said—

"You have not told your mother yet! Go and tell her, Traverse; it will make her so happy! And Traverse I will be a daughter to her, while you are gone. Tell her that, too."

"Dear girl! you have always been as kind and loving to my mother as it was possible to be!—how can you ever be more so than you have been?"

"I shall find a way!" smiled Clara.

Again he pressed her hand to his heart and to his lips, and left the room to find his mother. He had a search before he discovered her at last in the drawing-room, arranging it for their evening fireside gathering.

"Come mother and sit down by me on this sofa, for I have glorious tidings for your ear! Dear Clara sent me from her own side to tell you!"

"Ah! still thinking, always thinking, madly thinking of the doctor's daughter! Poor, poor boy!" said Mrs. Rocke.

"Yes! and always intend to think of her to the very end of my life, and beyond, if possible! But come, dear mother, and hear me explain!" said Traverse; and as soon as Mrs. Rocke had taken the indicated seat, Traverse commenced and related to her the substance of the conversation between the doctor and himself in the library, in which the former authorized his addresses to his daughter, and also his own subsequent explanation and engagement with Clara.

Mrs. Rocke listened to all this, in unbroken silence, and when, at length, Traverse had concluded his story, she clasped her hands and raised her eyes, uttering fervent thanksgivings to the fountain of all mercies.

"You do not congratulate me, dear mother."

"Oh, Traverse! I am returning thanks to Heaven on your behalf! Oh, my son! my son! but that such things as these are Providential, I should tremble to see you so happy! So I will not presume to congratulate! I will pray for you!"

"Dear mother, you have suffered so much in your life, that you are incredulous of happiness! Be more hopeful and confiding!—The Bible says, 'There remaineth now these three, Faith, Hope and Charity, but the greatest of all is Charity.' *You* have Charity enough, dear mother; try to have more Faith and Hope, and you will be happier! And look! there is Clara coming this way! she does not know that we are here. I will call her. Dear Clara, come in and convince my mother! she will not believe in our happiness," said Traverse, going to the door and leading his blushing and smiling betrothed into the room.

"It may be that Mrs. Rocke does not want me for a daughter-in-law," said Clara, archly, as she approached and put her hand in that of Marah.

"Not want you, my own darling!" said Marah Rocke, putting her arm around Clara's waist, and drawing her to her bosom; "not want you! You know I am just as much in love with you as Traverse himself can be! And I have longed for you, my sweet, longed for you as an unattainable blessing, ever since that day when Traverse first left us, and you came and laid your bright head on my bosom and wept with me!"

"And now if we *must* cry a little when Traverse leaves us, we can go and take comfort in being miserable together, with a better understanding of our relations!" said Clara, with an arch smile.

"Where are you all?—Where is *everybody*—that I am left wandering about the lonely house like a poor ghost in Hades?" said the doctor's cheerful voice in the passage without.

"Here, father! here we are! a family party, wanting only *you* to complete it," answered his daughter, springing to meet him.

The doctor came in smiling, pressed his daughter to his bosom, shook Traverse cordially by the hand, and kissed Marah Rocke's cheek. That was his way of congratulating himself and all others, on the betrothal.

The evening was passed in unalloyed happiness.

Let them enjoy it! It was their last of comfort—that bright evening!

Over that household was already gathering a cloud heavy and dark with calamity!—calamity that must have overwhelmed the stability of any faith which was not as theirs was—stayed upon God.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

BERNARDIN D [illegible] PIERRE.

BY REMBR [illegible]

Among the portraits [illegible] and literary and scientific men which [illegible] n Paris fifty years ago, one of the m [illegible] ing was that of the venerable St. Pierr [illegible] or of the "Studies of Nature," but more [illegible] erally known by his beautiful tale of "Paul and Virginia." I was introduced to him by an intimate friend, who related to me the singular manner by which he, a declared and noted old bachelor, had been led into the matrimonial state. A young lady of great beauty and some wealth was often reproved by her friends for her habitual rejection of every suitor. To be relieved from these reproofs she declared her resolution never to marry any but the author of Paul and Virginia, whom she had never seen, and who was then advanced in years. A friend, who had a spice of humor in her composition, was determined to try how she might really fancy St. Pierre himself, and contrived that they both should be invited to an evening party at the house of a mutual friend. She was introduced to him as one who greatly admired his writings. Of course the amiable old bachelor was bound to make himself agreeable to his young admirer, who was charmed with his brilliant complexion and more brilliant conversation, in confirmation of her prepossessions, and found no fault with his flowing locks of silver. It was not long before they became an example of conjugal felicity. While painting his portrait I was introduced to his youthful second wife and the two lovely children, *Paul* and *Virginia*, of his first wife.

I was still more interested in my intercourse with St. Pierre, because of his intimacy with *Joseph Vernet*, the celebrated Painter of the Seaports of France. St. Pierre told me that when they resided at *Nantes*, during a terrific storm, which even daunted the pilots, one of them was induced by Vernet, for a liberal compensation, to take him out to sea, that he might study a bolder scene of waves than he was accustomed to in the safety of a harbor. The artist, unused to the sudden motions of a small craft, had himself tied to the mast, where, reeking with the dashing spray, he completed his dangerous mental study.

When my portrait of St. Pierre was finished I asked him to give me a sketch of his life. Some time elapsed without my receiving any communication from him. He seemed to have forgotten my request. But as I was leaving the hotel where I resided, and had gone some distance, our carriage was stopped by a servant girl running after it, who hastily thrust into the window a roll of paper—the promised sketch, with this *quaint* address to me—"Aimable Philadelphe, le Rembrandt de l'Amerique."

THE SKETCH.

"You attach too much importance to my memory. Your father has written to thank me for sitting to you. On your part you wish to add to the immortality which your pencil has given me in the New World, some notice of my life in the old—doubtless to make compensation; and to give more weight to your request, it is also made by your Consul-General, Mr. Warden. I shall endeavor to satisfy you in a few words.

"I was born in 1737, at Havre de Grace, in Normandy. The eldest of three brothers and two sisters, from whom there remains only a little nephew. My parents gave what is called in Europe a good education. At twelve years of age, disgusted with study, and profiting by the friendship of an uncle who commanded a vessel of commerce, I made a voyage to Martinique, but returned still more discontented with my relative, the sea, and the Island, where I had nearly died by the yellow fever, than I had been with my pedagogue and his college.

"On my return I recommenced my studies; my father sending me successively to Gisors and to Rouen with the Jesuits, where I acquired a taste for letters, which I completed at the University of Caën.

"There was yet wanting some business which should insure me a fortune for the future. I was sent to Paris to the School of Bridges and Causeways, where I learned the Mathematics and to draw plans, and entered into a corps of engineers of camps and armies. I formed a company, and the year following was sent to Malta, then threatened with invasion by the Turks. The Turks came not, but I had a considerable quarrel with the engineers in ordinary, in consequence of not being of their corps. It did me honor, but I lost my place.

"I then resolved to pass into foreign service—sold the little I had and embarked for Holland, with the intention of passing into Portugal, on the eve of a war with Spain; but General Piquebourg, who was to command the Portuguese troops, had set off three days before. A new war broke out in the North; the Emperor of Russia, Peter the third, wished to possess Holstein, and was to begin by attacking Lubec, which city was commanded by one of my compatriots, the Chevalier de Chasot. I offered him my services as engineer, and remained with him two months, waiting, from day to day, the arrival of the Russians—when we learned that the Emperor was dethroned. His wife, Catharine the second, desirous of restoring the liberal arts, which her husband hated, had offered to M. Torelli, father-in-law of the Chevalier de Chasot, to be Director of the Academy of Painting at Petersburg. I resolved to accompany him, and embarking for Cronstad the first of September, we arrived at Petersburg near the end of the month. Here we learned that the Empress was at Moscow, which rendered my letters of recommendation useless, until the month of January, when I made that journey. The grand Master of Artillery received me well, and I entered as Lieutenant Engineer in the corps of genius. I should probably have finished my days in that country, if winters of six months duration and manners not less rude, had not injured my health; so that, after a year and a half of service, I took my leave. I returned to France by the way of Poland, which country being then divided by civil wars, I was desirous of doing something for my country, and therefore joined the party protected by France, and commanded by Prince Rdzivil, and was made prisoner by the Russian party, whose service I had just quitted. I was happy to procure his esteem even in my prison. After nine days I was released and permitted to return to France, or to reside in Varsovie, where I passed three months during the festivals, and then took my route to Dresden, situated in a charming country, but the half of whose houses were prostrate, by a series of bombardments by the King of Prussia. Their situation could be relieved only by the strictest economy—and having reformed the army, there were no places to be obtained. From Dresden, I went to Berlin, curious to compare the voluptuous Saxons with the warlike Prussians. Berlin, and especially Potsdam, appeared to me like magnificent barracks—none but soldiers and priests were to be seen in the streets and windows. The King offered me a place—but I thanked him—the compensation did not afford enough to live on. At last I visited Vienna, but the pride of its inhabitants, and especially of its nobility, determined me to depart almost as soon as I had arrived. I returned to Paris, where I found an opportunity of embarking for the Isle of France. It was intended to establish a French colony at Madagascar, and I was named engineer of Fort Dauphin; but happily I was detained at the Isle by disunion among the chiefs. The one intended for Madagascar was recalled at the end of some months, having lost almost all his men by a course of intemperance in an unknown climate."

"I remained two years on the Isle of France, much occupied with the duties of my service, and should have been happy there, but all was in a state of combustion. The intendant and the governor; the inhabitants and the military; the private persecutions of the engineers in ordinary, who beheld in me an officer not of their corps; my small pay as captain, received in paper money, which lost 50 per cent.; and more than I can describe, the deplorable condition of the servile race, threw me into a profound melancholy. I depended on the credit of an ambassador by whom I was sent to that Island, who promised to attach me to his fortunes. I sent him some precious curiosities, acquired at my own expense and from the generosity of some friends, which he accepted, and offered me nothing more than an opportunity of returning as I went."

"I now resolved no longer to depend on others. I was satisfied that Providence reigned over all nature, and that mankind shared in the general concern, notwithstanding their disorders: I therefore determined to dig my own land for water, and not depend on my neighbors, and again took up my pen, although I had already made an unsuccessful effort. On my return from my journeys in the North, I had written a large memoir on the subject of Holland, Poland and Russia, which I had overrun, and sent it to the Minister of Foreign Affairs; but it produced no effect, though I predicted the partition of Poland by the three neighboring powers. I now resolved to make the public my judges; wrote my voyage to the Isle of France, and printed it without my name. It procured me some praise from the journalists, but made me enemies at Versailles. They could not pardon me for publishing the disorders of the Colony.

"I was not discouraged, but extended my views, and after some years retreat, published the three first volumes of my 'Studies of Nature,' with my name and surnames. In that work I attacked all kinds of errors and abuses, and foretold an approaching Revolution, if the remedy for them was not hastened. This work had the best success, passing through five editions, before which time I had added two other volumes. This made my circumstances easy, and, but for false copies, would have made me rich. During the first editions, I received several pensions from the Court, without having solicited them. Louis the Sixteenth himself named me Intendent of the Garden of Plants and the Museum of Natural History. I married and had several children, and began to be happy, when the Revolution arrived which I had predicted. I lost my place, my pensions, and almost my means.

"Thus have I passed on the voyage of life, like the greater part of mankind, crossed by tempests, prejudices, bad fortune, sickness, wars, lawsuits, calumnies, counterfeits and bankruptcy, public as well as private.

"Finally the star of our illustrious Emperor, Bonaparte, has dissipated all these clouds. He has rebuilt part of my fortune by several pensions, to which he added the cross of the Legion of Honor. His brother, the King of Spain, put the finish to it by a pension of six thousand francs. I owe these unsolicited favors entirely to the natural beneficence of these two princes.

"I am equally happy on the side of nature. I have two amiable children; my daughter *Virginia*, aged 14 years, educated at Ecouen, by order of the Emperor, and my son *Paul*, 12 years old, who studies in my neighborhood. I early lost their mother; but I found, in a second wife, a rare woman who has nursed them from their infancy, and who takes care of my old age with equal affection. I am seventy-two years old, and enjoy health without infirmity. Philosophy and the muses have always their charms for me.

"Two years ago I published a drama on the Death of Socrates, to which were added several small pieces. At present I am employed on a long work, which I began some years since. I have a commodious and agreeable hermitage, seven leagues from Paris, on the borders of the *Oise*, where I spend, in perfect liberty, with a part of my family, the half of every month in fine weather. Thus my vessel, so long beaten about by the tempests, proceeds in peace, with favorable winds, towards the port of life. Before the anchor must be thrown forever, I try to crown the stern with some fresh flowers.

"O wise Americans! I have often wished I could have happily cultivated a little corner of your vast forests, and then should have been, doubtless, unknown to you; but if I have, in my rambles through the world, merited the monument of friendship which you have erected to me in your gallery, I shall bless all the evils I have endured.

"Accept the sentiments of my gratitude.

"JACQUES HENRI BERNARDIN DE SAINT PIERRE.

"*Paris, the 28th of August*, 1809."

CHASED BY A GRIZZLY BEAR.

BY A COLONEL IN THE U. S. ARMY.

Some sixteen years ago I had command of an expedition to Oregon, partly for purposes of exploration, and partly to negotiate certain matters with some of the far western tribes. I had attached to my company several Indians, among whom was a Cherokee of unequaled skill in woodcraft, of great prowess, and a perfectly dead shot under almost any circumstances, who became my devoted friend, and whose friendship I cordially reciprocated.

On coming in sight of the Rocky Mountains, I one morning rode from the camp alone, and proceeded to explore a ledge of hills up which a wide path gradually wound, which occasionally narrowed to a few feet as it swept round a curve. I finally came to an elevated level space, a portion of which was covered by a thick growth of stunted trees. Here I reined up my horse, and sat for some time admiring the landscape, until I was suddenly startled by the sound of crashing twigs and saplings in a neighboring grove; and turning my head in that direction, while I sat in my saddle, I saw an enormous and terrible animal just breaking cover and moving towards me. I had been but little accustomed to the forests, but I had heard enough of the wild beasts which inhabit the Rocky Mountains, to believe that this must be a grizzly bear. His form, size and color all corresponded with the descriptions of that most powerful and savage of our native animals; and the long, white tusks which projected from his mouth gave him an aspect more terrible than I had ever conceived. I instantly raised my rifle and fired at him; the next instant rousing my horse to his speed, and guiding him back to the path. Down the hill he went, apparently as much under the influence of fear as of my spurs. Knowing his pursuer, I felt at first no apprehensions, unless from some unforeseen accident. But on looking back, I found, with a shudder of horror, that the bear was not only in full pursuit, but perceptibly gaining on us. I now began to realize my folly in entering the mountains without companions, provision for defense, or even without asking information. Oh, had I but brought my faithful Cherokee! Or had I not been so hasty as to leave the camp without his knowledge. I looked back again, and the horrid beast was close behind me, and just ready, I thought, to seize me by one bound. But he stopped, for the purpose, as it appeared, of raising himself to an upright posture, in order to strike me with his fore paws. Happy it was for me that such was his way of proceeding. If he had had a particle of the cat-kind in his breed, or if he had not been formed on quite a different plan from most other beasts of prey, there would have been no hope for me. I instantly discovered his object, on seeing him stop and throw himself back upon his hind feet, and never did my heels drive in the spurs with such vigor before as at that moment. My horse felt them, and fairly flew. Such a spring I had never known even him to make. If there had been any defect in the girths, I am sure he would have leaped out of the saddle, and left me under the feet of the bear. But all held tight, and away I went, with my faithful steed, like lightning, down the descending path. Not too swiftly, however, for my pursuer. How it was possible for an animal of such a lumbering appearance to get over the ground faster than my favorite and boasted horse, I never yet could understand; but, when I again looked behind, he was once more close upon us; and, in spite of my most desperate efforts, again arrived at what he thought striking distance. I watched the moment—again he came to a stand, and began to rise; the spurs again performed their duty, even perhaps more promptly than before; and in one second I seemed to be fifty feet in advance of the enemy. But on he came again; again I avoided him; still he rallied, and renewed the chase. I cast a desperate glance down the remaining declivity, and then upon the plain below, trying to decide upon some way or plan for escape. But which way could I retreat, and what defense could I make, with no weapon but an empty rifle? Just then a bright red spot caught my attention at the foot of the hill, apparently among the prairie-grass, on the border of the plain. The sun was shining on the scarlet ornament worn by my noble Cherokee! Learning that I had left the camp alone, he had hastened to seek me, following my tracks; and, while on the way, had heard the report of my rifle. Galloping on, he had just reached the foot of the hill, and now was standing a little aside from the path, with his rifle leveled, and every nerve and muscle braced up for a sure shot, for the rescue of my life.

My path led along the brow of a steep slope, at the bottom of which flowed the stream. At the same time it formed a gradual curve, which exposed it more distinctly to the view of a person standing at the foot, especially in that part which I was traversing. My Cherokee had instinctively comprehended everything at a glance, and therefore hastened to take his stand at a point from which I should be placed as far as possible out of the range of his intended shot at my pursuer. He had to wait but a moment to allow the beast to present himself as a fair mark, without any intervening tree, rock, or other obstacle; but that moment allowed the bear once more to gain upon me fearfully. I looked back again upon my pursuer, without a ray of hope from the interference of my Indian friend at that juncture, thinking only that, if I could join him, he might in some way perhaps show me how to retreat. The beast was again almost upon my horse's haunches, when once more he suddenly stopped; but it was not to rise again. He fell heavily on one side, and the sharp report of a rifle striking my ear at the next instant told me the welcome cause. With unerring aim my Cherokee had hit his left shoulder with his bullet, while that leg was in the air, and so far broke the bone, that, when the weight of the animal came down forcibly upon that limb, it bent and failed under the weight, and he struck the ground like a rock. Nor was this all. So narrow was the path, and so far was he thrown aside, that the bulk of his body fell beyond the verge; and, being quite helpless, he began to roll downward. So steep was the declivity, and at the same time so smooth, having no tree, bush, rock, or irregularity of surface to oppose the passage of such a body, that the bear rolled over and over many times, and stopped not for a moment until he reached the bottom—when, plunging into the stream below, he was seen no more,

MIRANDA'S RETURN.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

From the boarding-school and city,
To her rural habitation,
To her home among the farmers,
Came the stylish, fair Miranda,
All accomplished, all-exacting.
She could bring a tide of music
From the wiry-key'd piano,
Sing bravura, sing andante,
She could lisp in phrase Parisian;
And in gay embroidery fashion
Flying eagle, leaping lambkin,
Cupid with his dart and quiver,
Goddess, paroquet, or poodle.
When she saw her rustic neighbors
Feeding chickens, darning stockings,
At the spinning-wheel and distaff,
At the dairy or the cheese-press,
Well content, and plump and rosy,
Vulgar and uncouth she deem'd them.
While with curious, wide-eyed wonder,
They her altered ways and dresses
Mark'd and spoke their minds together
Not admiring, not approving.
O'er the level of her kindred,
O'er their sympathies and pleasures
Her brief training had advanced her
But of woman's own vocation,
At the board, and at the hearth-stone
Teaching servants to be faithful,
Fitting them for daily duty,
Guiding the unfolding spirit
Like a tendril toward the sunbeam,
Making home serene and happy;
Of that high and holy mission
All along life's pilgrim pathway,
As the helper and consoler,
Love, to prop, and woe, to pity,
How to soothe another's heart-ache,
Ever of her own forgetful,
Of the science so unending,
Born of Him the meek and lowly,
This young lady had no knowledge;
Not the Alpha had she mastered
Of that alphabet angelic
Whose Omega is in Heaven.

Hartford, Conn., Feb. 26th, 1859.

JOHN WALTON'S FARM.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"Hadn't you better subscribe for it?"

"I tell you, no. I haint got the money to spare. And, if I had, I haint got the time to waste over newspapers," said Eben Sawyer, with some emphasis.

"But you will gain much information from it in the course of a year, sir," pursued John Walton.

"I tell you, I don't want it!"

"Well—what say you, Mr. Grummet—shan't I have your name?"

"No, sir!" This was spoken so flatly and bluntly that Walton said no more; but folded up the prospectus of a periodical which he had with him, and then turned away.

Eben Sawyer and Ben Grummet were two old farmers,—that is, old at the business, though they had only reached the middle age of life,—and after their young neighbor had gone they expressed their opinions concerning him.

"He'll never make a farmer," said Sawyer, with a shake of the head. "He spends too much time over them papers and books of his'n. He's a leetle mite above farmin', in my opinion."

"Them's my sentiments," responded Grummet. "I tell you, Eben, the man that thinks to make a livin' on a farm in this section, has got to WORK for it."

At this juncture Sam Bancroft came along. He was another old native of the district.

"We was just talkin' about young Walton," said Sawyer.

"I've jes' come from there," replied Sam. "He's been borin' me to sign for a paper; but he couldn't come it."

"Ha, ha,—so he bored us. He's gettin' a leetle too high sot for a farmer."

"He's rippin' his barnfloor up," said Bancroft.

"Rippin' the floor up!" repeated Grummet. "Why—Mr. Amsden had the whole floor put down new only three years ago."

"The tie-up floor, I mean," pursued Bancroft. "He's got a carpenter up from the village; and his two hired men are helpin'."

"Whew! I guess he'll make a farmer!"

And so they all guessed—with a reservation. In short, there was something highly ridiculous in the thought of a man's thinking to be a farmer and a student at the same time; and all sorts of jests were discharged over it.

John Walton was a young man—some five-and-twenty,—and though he had been born in the neighborhood, yet much of his life had been spent in other sections of the country. His parents both died when he was quite young, and his father's farm passed into the hands of a Mr. Amsden. But now John had married, and he meant to be a farmer; and his thoughts naturally turned to the old homestead. He found Amsden willing to sell, and he bought—paying two thousand dollars down, and giving a note and mortgage for five hundred, which had been cashed by Mr. Piddon.

This farming district was upon a broad ridge of land, which had been cleared for a great many years; and though they were the handsomest and smoothest looking farms in town, yet they were by no means the best. The summit of the ridge was crowned by a ledge of granite, and the soil, over the whole broad swell, was more or less wet and cold. This was particularly the case with John Walton's farm, some portions of it being wholly unfit for cultivation. There was one field of over twenty acres—one of the smoothest and prettiest located fields in town—which was never fit for plowing. The soil was so wet and heavy that it could not be worked to any advantage. It had been mowed year after year, yielding about three-quarters of a ton to the acre of poor, wild, weedy hay. Yet there were other sections which were good, and Mr. Amsden had gained fair crops while he lived there.

Ben Grummet had a curiosity to see what was going on in Walton's barn, so he dropped in there. He found that the whole of the floor, where the cattle stood, had been torn up, and that they were digging a wide, deep trench the whole length of the tie-up.

"What on airth is all this for?" asked Ben.

"Why," returned Walton, who was busy in superintending the work, and also in working himself, "I am having a place fixed here for making manure. I mean to fill this trench up with good muck, and thus save the liquids which have heretofore been lost. I think, by proper management, I can get full double the quantity of manure which others have got on this place."

"Do ye?" said Grummet, sarcastically.

"Yes," resumed the young man. "It is a fact that the liquid manures, could they be saved, would fully equal the solids, both in bulk and value; and when combined with well rotted muck, and some other articles which shall take up and retain all the more volatile parts, I feel sure that they will afford more fertilizing powers and properties than the solid manures can."

"Yeou don't say so! Where d'ye larn all that?"

"Partly from reading, and partly from observation," answered John, smiling at his good neighbor's open sarcasm.

"I don't s'pose it costs anything to do all this?"

"O, yes,—it will cost me considerable before I get through."

"Yaas.—I should rayther calkilate 'twould!"

Ben Grummet spoke this very slowly, and with a great deal of meaning; and when he had looked on a few minutes longer he went away.

"I swan!" he cried, as he met Sawyer shortly afterwards. "John Walton's a reg'lar hifalutin. He's jes' about as nigh to bein' crazy as a man can be!"

"Eh?—crazy, Ben?"

"O—I don't mean, railly upsot, like them folks what has to be sent to the insane asylum; but he's got his head full of all sorts of nonsense. He's got his tie-up floor all torn away, and a trench dug there big enough to hold more'n twenty cart-loads of dirt."

"But what in nature's he goin' to do?"

"Why—he's a goin' to save the liquids, as he calls 'em! An' he's goin' to put in somethin' to take up the—the—*vol*—*voluntary* parts."

"*Voluntary* parts?—What's them, Ben?"

"It was *vol* somethin'. But I don't know. I wouldn't ask him. I s'pose he jest used the outlandish word so's to git me to ask him what it meant—an' then he'd show off his larnin'. But I wa'n't so green."

"I wonder if he thinks he's a comin' here to larn us old farmers how to work?" said Sawyer, rather indignantly.

"I guess he thinks so," returned Grummet.

"Then I guess he'll find out his mistake," added the other. "Jes' you mark my words, Ben:—He'll be flat on his back afore two years is out!"

And these were not the only ones who looked for the same thing. The idea of a man's coming in there with any such new-fangled notions was absurd. Their fathers, and their fathers' fathers, had worked on that same ridge, and they wanted nothing better than what their honored progenitors had had before them.

Autumn came, and after John Walton had mowed over the twenty-acre field, getting hardly hay enough to pay for the labor, he set men at work digging deep trenches all over it. He had two dug lengthwise, running up and down the slope; and then he dug quite a number running across these. They were quite deep and broad, and into them he tumbled nearly all the stones that could be found in the fields.

"A pooty expensive way of gettin' rid o' rocks," remarked Grummet.

"It's a better place for them than on the surface, isn't it?" returned Walton, with a smile.

"Mebbe. But what on airth are ye doin' it for?"

"Why—I'm going to see if under-draining wont improve the land."

"*Under-draining!* What's that?"

"It is simply drawing off the water from the surface. This land is cold and wet; but if I can get the water to drain off among these rocks, the sun may warm the surface, and give me a good piece of soil here."

But it looked very foolish to Ben Grummet. He believed that "what was the natur of the soil couldn't be altered." However, the young man made his trenches—tumbled in the rocks—filled in on top with the loam he had originally removed; and then left it to work for itself a while. A month later he plowed up two acres of it, and he could see that the soil had already changed wonderfully. After this was done he cut his way to the muck-swamp, and went to hauling out that article, which he deposited in various places, as he deemed proper.

"That's a cur'us contrivance," said Sam Bancroft. He and Ben Grummet had been at work for Walton at hauling muck. He alluded to a large vat back of the house, into which ran a spout from the sink. This vat was capable of holding several cart-loads of stuff, and was already half full.

"That's a compost vat," explained Walton, who had overheard the remark. "All the slops from the house—the soap-suds, and such stuff—which most people wasted. I save by this means, and turn it to good account; and instead of throwing away rufuse matter, I put it in here, and let it rot and ferment, and make manure."

"But what 's this charcoal dust for?"

"It answers two purposes, though by only one office. It takes up the ammonia, and other volatile matter, thus holding them for fertilizing agents, and at the same time prevents the disagreeable effluvia which would otherwise arise from such a fermenting mass."

"That all sounds very pooty," remarked Ben, after Walton had left them; but let me jes' tell you, *it don't pay!* He'd better let sich fandangles alone if he ever expects to make a livin' at farmin'."

Before the ground froze up Walton threw out most of the muck back of his tie-up, which had become well saturated, and filled the trench up anew.

The old settlers upon the ridge had set out a great many apple-trees, and made a great deal of cider; but the fruit was mostly wild, and of an inferior quality. When Spring came Walton went to some of his neighbors, and asked them to go in with him, and send for some good scions to engraft upon their apple-trees. He explained to them just the plan he had formed for his own orchard. He had engaged a competent man to come and do the work of grafting, and while they were about it, it would be cheaper to get grafts enough for the whole neighborhood.

"How much will it cost you?" asked Sawyer.

"Why," returned Walton, "I'm going into mine pretty thoroughly. My orchard is a very large one, as yours is; and, like yours, the trees are mostly thrifty and vigorous—or could be made so,—but with very poor fruit. I mean to make a thorough thing of it, and shall probably expend a hundred dollars this Spring."

"What! A hundred dollars!—In your orchard?"

"Yes."

"Jewhitaker an' broomsticks! When I git money to play with I'll try it."

It was of no use. The old orchards were just such as their fathers had, and they were good enough. So Walton went at it alone. He had his trees all pruned and dressed, and nearly all of them grafted to such fruit as he thought would thrive best, and sell best.

A little while later, and Ben Grummet had occasion to open his eyes. He found that John Walton had contrived to have a hundred and forty full loads of manure, all of which had been made within the year. However, he finally shook his head, and said, "Wait. We'll see if it's good for anything."

A little while later, and the grass began to spring up on the twenty-acre lot as it had never sprung up before. The two acres, which had been plowed, harrowed up light and fine, and bore the best crop of corn that was raised on the whole ridge; and all the manure put upon it was some which had been manufactured.

And so the time went on, and John Walton was continually studying how to improve his farm. At the expiration of a few years the new scions had grown large and strong in his orchard, and began to bear fruit. He had taken care of his trees, and they were about ready to return him interest for the labor.

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Eben Sawyer, as Ben Grummet and Sam Bancroft came into his house one cool Autumn evening, and the three filled their mugs with new cider, "have you heard about John Walton's apples?"

"I knew there was a man up to look at 'em," returned Ben; "but I haint heard no more."

"Well—I was there, and heerd the whole on't—so I know—I never would 'ave thought it. An orchard turn out like that!"

"But how much was it?"

"Why—Walton was offered—cash right down—*five hundred an' thirty dollars* for the apples he's got on hand; and he tells me that he sent nearly two hundred dollars' worth of early fruit off a month or more ago."

It was wonderful—more than wonderful. But they had to believe it.

"And jes' look at that twenty-acre field," said Bancroft. "Ten years ago it wouldn't hardly pay for mowin'. It didn't bear much else but podgum. Now look at it. Think o' the corn an' wheat he's raised there; an' this year he cut more'n forty tuns of good hay from it!"

"But that ain't half," interposed Sawyer. "Look at the stock he keeps; an' jes' see what prices he gets for his cows and oxen. We laughed at him when he paid so much for the new breeds of sheep and cattle he got some years ago; but jes' look at 'em now. Why, he tells me he's cleared over a thousand dollars this year on his stock.

At this moment Mr. Walton came in. He had grown older, and was somewhat stouter, than when he first settled upon the ridge, and became a farmer; and his neighbors had ceased to question his capacity, and had come to honor and respect him.

"We was jest talkin' about you, Mr. Walton," said Sawyer.

"Ah," returned John, as he took a seat by the fire. "I hope you found nothing bad to say of me."

"Not a bit of it. We was talkin' about the wonderful improvements you've made on the old place, and of the money you make."

"And do you think it wonderful?"

"But ain't it?"

"Well," replied Walton, "I don't know about that; but I'll tell you what I do know. I know there is no class of people in the world who may study the arts and sciences to better advantage than farmers; and yet, I am sorry to say, there is no class, occupying the same social position, who read and study less. Farming is a science—one of the most deep and intricate—and he must be a man of more than ordinary capacity who can master it all. I have but just begun to learn what may be learned in farming. In short, there is no branch of industry in the world which may not be followed to better advantage without a good education. But farmers must not be afraid of books. They won't, if they are wise, follow every advice which experimentalists give, but they may study, and reason, and experiment for themselves. So I have done, and so I mean to do."

"He's right," remarked Ben Grummet, after Walton had gone. "What fools we was that we didn't go into that graftin' operation."

"And that underdrainin'," added Bancroft.

"And that muck and compost arrangement," suggested Sawyer.

"Well," said Ben, with a serious face; "it isn't too late now. They say, it's never too late to learn; and I'm sure it hadn't ought to be too late to commence to improve after a body has learned."

"That's so," replied Eben Sawyer.

"True as a book!" added Bancroft.

"And I'm goin' into it."

"So am I."

"And I."

SONG.

BY ALICE CARY.

I would that my love were a lily fair,
And I would that I were a sunbeam bold,
Still to be dressing her flowery hair
A[illegible] with my airy gold.

Or would that she were the dew that lies
In th' [illegible] rose, and I the rose-tree were,
To fold my [illegible] leaves over her eyes,
And m[illegible]y sweetness a part of her.

[illegible] a breeze that is where it will,
And sh[illegible]eaf in some lonely place;
How I w[illegible] cling to her, sing to her till
She gathered me up in her green embrace.

Or would that she were a fawn so gay,
And I within some lowly bed
Where oft her silvery feet would stray,
And dimple the turf above me spread.

Nay, leave the sunbeam th' light that's his,
And leave the lily her airy gold,
And give me my maiden just as she is
To kiss and sing to, and keep and hold!

A TRUE HISTORY
OF
THE COLONY OF NEW PLYMOUTH.

BY I. B.

A Descendant of Anne Bradstreet, commonly called the Tenth Muse, etc., etc.

BOOK II.—CHAPTER III.

THE SECOND MILITARY EXPEDITION OF MILES STANDISH.

"This is the mighty Cornish man,
That slew the giant Cormoran."

If there are any readers of this history such arrant suckle-thumbs as to believe that our progenitors left their comfortable quarters in the old world, in order to mortify themselves in the new, just as the ancient hermits did in the deserts of Thebais, I would advise such to put themselves under a new course of reading at once, for this will never do them any good. For if I know anything of the matter, our forefathers were not lacking either in shrewdness or in the marks of it, each pilgrim being supplied not only with a couple of good-sized wisdom teeth, but also with such a prodigious pair of eye-teeth, that by the Indians they were named Yankees, from that feature,—*kee* signifying tooth, and *yan* eyes, in the Massachusetts vernacular.

The advantages gained by the treaty with Massasoit, were not suffered to lie fallow, I promise you! No sooner had the tribe departed from the town-gate than the council held a meeting, and two ambassadors were appointed to visit their new allies, "partly to know where to find them, if occasion served, as also to see their strength, discover the country, prevent abuses, as well as to continue the league of peace," etc., etc.* The two honored by this mission, namely Mr. E. Winslow, and Stephen Hopkins,—being the original fathers of the great family of New-England diplomatists, immediately drew their outfit and infit, as well as the first quarter's salary, and then took a good long rest at home, before venturing upon so perilous a journey. And believe me, this honor was not so welcome to three-pointed Winslow, insomuch as he had been married but a few months, as hath been shown, but he plucked up heart, after his first experience in,—what d'ye call it—*matrimonial incompatibility*. So, new-pointing his moustache and chin-tuft with pomade, dressing his person in holiday garb, and sprinkling his handkerchief with a plentiful supply of perfume, he departed with Mr. Hopkins, and the Indian Squanto for a guide, and in a few days reached the court of the great Sagamore. Here he was received with marked distinction—especially by the court ladies—the particulars of which it is my duty to suppress. But chiefly he presented the Sagamore, or king, with a horseman's coat, made of red cotton stuff, trimmed with lace, as well as a copper chain of little value, which the savage accepted with great outward show of gratitude. Though I doubt if the riding coat was of any service to him, seeing that his majesty had neither owned horse, ass nor mule, in all the days of his reign. Then the minister retraced his steps, and rejoined the council, having accomplished a great deal, concerning which the chroniclers are shrewdly silent.

In the meantime Captain Miles Standish was inwardly chafing at the prospect of a peace. Except patrol duty, there was, to use a Boston phrase, "nothin' doin' in his line." Outside of the town walls, the towering Indian corn arrayed its serried ranks of spiky bayonets, undisturbed by hostile hands; the savages brought their beaver skins to the colony, and trafficked for notions without stealing; even a ship that appeared upon the distant waters of the bay, proved to be a colony vessel, the Fortune, bringing not fire and sword, but friendly men and women, upon her deck. A couple of years past over, and except a duel between two stout trenchermen, a runaway boy, and a few such trifling events, the times rolled off as easily as a spool of silk.

It was towards the close of this period that one of the stockholders in the Plymouth Company, a Captain Weston, came across sea, bringing with him a gang of dissolute fillibusters, who, after foraging as long as possible upon the colony of New Plymouth, finally settled at a place to the north east of the Bay, now called Weymouth. But these Weston fellows, being above the respectable prejudices of *meum* and *tuum*, soon cut out work enough for the commander in chief, for they were such expert shop-lifters and snatch-purses, that their nearest neighbors, the Wessagusset tribe of Indians, were so bestript and befilched, so swindled and rifled, that so much as a clothes-pin was not left in their hands; nay more, the poor children of nature were afraid even to go to sleep at night, lest these adroit rogues should steal the very rings out of their noses. But the actual trespasses committed by the Westonians were nothing compared with those they promised the savages in future, for they told them that so soon as their standing corn was ripe, the army of New Plymouth would come and cut it, and carry it all away, as well as everything else belonging to them. This story the credulous Wessagussets easily swallowed, and no wonder, seeing how much cause they had to believe it, and as they were of a revengeful and wicked disposition, they held a secret pow-wow and entered into a horrid conspiracy, which, had it been carried out, would have clapped an extinguisher upon three millions, six hundred and ninety-nine thousands, eight hundred and seventy-eight and a quarter speeches, poems, histories, biographies, genealogies, etc., etc., relating to New England, then lying perdu in the womb of time, and now springing to light and multiplying like the microscopic families in a drop of Cochituate water. For the hellish intention of these copper gentry was to destroy utterly the Pilgrim Fathers, and carry off their scalps to remember them by. Fortunately the plot was discovered by one of those unwonted events peculiar to ourselves.

It chanced, one day, that Massasoit entertained three-pointed Winslow at his court, and in the course of the dessert, which consisted of smoking and speeches, the Indian Chief was seized with such a violent and obstreperous fit of the wind colic that his eyes rolled in his head, his tongue hung out of his mouth, and being in his court-paint of vermillion from ear to ear, his face was so frightful to behold, that, although he roared like a bull of Bashan, and said that his bowels were tied up in a true lover's knot, yet no one had the courage to approach him, except the ambassador from the colony. This adroit diplomat, who was always provided with a bottle of schiedam for friendly negotiations, at once gave his majesty so potent a dose that he was pronounced out of danger, and quiet would have been restored in a twinkling, but for a few ladies of the harem, whose tender sympathies found vent in an unearthly chorus of hysterical howls. But this was pleasing music to the Sagamore, the opera being unknown in his territories; and what with its gentle influence, the soothing effects of the medicine, and the consequent relief from pain, he was induced to breathe into the astonished ear of Winslow the full particulars of the plot which his allies and friends, the Wessagussets, had confided to him. I promise you the grass did not grow under the feet of that ambassador so soon as he was dismissed from the court and on his way to the colony!

Captain Miles Standish was smoking his evening pipe, and quaffing his evening tankard of ale, in front of his solitary dwelling, when Winslow walked hastily through Leyden street towards the Council House. Although the natural antipathy which always exists between leaders of legions and of legations, was in full vigor so far as these heroes were concerned, yet a common danger drew them together, and Winslow seating himself at the table opposite the captain, soon made him acquainted with the particulars of the plot. Heavens! how the eyes of the old warrior glowed under his shaggy brows, as he listened to the end, and then planting a stupendous blow upon the table with his fist, that made everything dance again, he jumped up and started off to the Town House to prepare for the campaign.

My reader, let me give you a piece of advice. If you are in the least bit chicken-hearted, do not accompany me upon this expedition. For now we are going to give some hard knocks, and spill some blood—the first ever shed in New England—and if you faint or flinch, it will have such an effect upon me, that like as not I shall be obliged to sneak out of the fray just in the best part of it. But if you have pluck and pith follow me, for I warrant you both will be required to get through the rest of this chapter.

Now, while the pinnace with Captain Standish, and his army of eight men is on its way, towards Wessagusset let us take a brief view of these dreadful savages. They are an idle set, doubtless, and but scantily furnished with the respectable comforts of life,—subsisting as they do upon long and short clams, hominy, pop-corn, and opossum; and wearing, like a ball-room belle, little beyond paint and feathers. There is not much else here,—a small fleet of canoes perhaps,—a few wigwams built of poles and covered with birch bark,—a Council House,—a covey of squaws, and a flock of papooses, hanging from the trees like oriole-birds in their tiny barbaric cradles. And scattered throughout this savage settlement are the white colonists, ragged, dirty, and half-starved, but extensively occupied in doing nothing for a living, thus proving the truth of the poet's remark—

> "And who were they, our fathers? In their veins
> Ran the best blood of England's gentlemen."

Now grant that the Westonians were a graceless, debauched set of vagabonds, by whom the Indians had been outrageously bubbled and befooled, yet tried by the strict rules of *propriety*, what was New Plymouth to do but to take sides with them against their berouged and befeathered adversaries? What are Indians, I should like to know, that they must stand in the way of eternal progress and manifest destiny? To be sure, some milk-sops exist to whom this quarrel would seem to be a little askew for the Wessagusset tribe, but put it into pious chronicle dress it around with rhetorical puff-paste; rim it up with a few yards of flaunting red rhythmical ribbon; and I warrant you there will be enough to stand upon the side of law and order, and hurrah for old Plymouth Rock!

Although the ostensible object of the expedition was to open a trade with the natives, yet there was a lurid fire under the heavy brows of Captain Standish that showed the anger in his heart. But concealing it as well as he was able, he marched up to the Council House, taking with him but a part of his army, and leaving the rest to watch the enemy outside. There was held a grand palaver with the chiefs, during which one Pecksuot, or Pecksniff, told the captain that he knew what bloody errand had brought him there, and indeed taunted him with language as unbecoming as that made use of by King Henry VI. just before the accident in the tower. To this Captain Standish replied nothing, being a man of few words; whereupon another chief, Wattawamut by name, was so inflated with valor, that he drew a knife from the sheath that hung from his neck, and boasted that he had killed with it both French and English, with other useless and vain-glorious gasconades very much out of place in so mixed a company. To this also Miles Standish replied not. Then Wattawamut, looking contemptuously down upon the warrior, paid him a compliment which few small men can bear with patience—he alluded to his size!

To this Captain Standish did make answer. It came in a voice so low, so clear, so full of instant, deadly danger, that even the shrill iteration of a rattlesnake's coil under your feet could not have thrilled upon the sense with more fatal warning. "*Shut the door and bolt it!*" he cried, and then snatching the knife from the neck of the sachem, he struck it with his mailed hand, right straight into the very heart of the horrid, nasty, naked, wicked, painted, pagan savage; and drawing his sword, with but little help from his comrades, speedily sliced up the rest of the council as easily as if they had been so many cucumbers. Nor was this all, for the door being thrown open immediately after, the men of the tribe were attacked sword in hand by the colonist army so suddenly that of the whole, but one escaped to tell the tale.

It is true that John Robinson the Good, from distant Leyden, feebly remonstrated with the Captain after these deeds were done, "doubtful whether he was not wanting in tenderness for the life of man, made after God's image," and adding, "oh, how happy a thing had it been, if you had converted some before you killed any." But reader, you and I go in for eternal progress and the Plymouth code, which was a summary process to be sure, but of wonderful effect in clearing the pasture for puritan lambs.

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* Mourt's relation,—Chro. Pil. Fathers, Mass. Hist. Coll.

QUID PRO QUO.

BY MARY FORREST.

Shylock is dead, but there are ghosts of him, as thick as "Birnam Wood," abroad in the land, and "a pound of flesh for the three thousand ducats" is a live, rampant principle among us. There are mean little spirits of Shylocks in our halls of justice, in our homes, in our schools, and churches. They influence our judgments and benefactions, and pull the wires of our loves and prayers. To some, this green earth is merely a vast Exchange, where men and women may barter away golden opinions and golden gifts—drive a brisk trade in sounding compliments—traffic in tender mercies—dole out love for love, hate for hate, by the square inch, and ask God to come and dwell in their little, pinched-up souls, because they are *right clean, comfortable places to live in.*

The Money-Shylock men *own* to. They have a profound admiration for what they call "financial tact," though it grind the face of the poor and figure in transactions of doubtful honor. Shrewd, keen-eyed, exacting, not over-scrupulous "thrift" is one of the tall plumes of the age. Men love the glitter of heaps of gold, though never so "strange achieved," and their knees *will* grow weak in the cold pomp of palaces. It is excellent to know a trick of turning guineas, and success justifies the manner of it.

But Shylock-loves and friendships, Shylock-gifts, courtesies, and opinions belong to another category, and are never acknowledged. These must be called by some other name, put in careful costume, and taught their parts and paces.

The Mutual-Admiration Society, whose members are tacitly sworn to flay outsiders, and tickle each other to the last drop, is merely a select, critical, all-wise body, organized for the purpose of pronouncing unbribed and "unterrified" judgment upon men and their works.

Courteous lies are *the* circulating medium of social life. Society grows plethoric upon air and *bon bons*. The good people meet and shake hands, but rarely hearts. Most of them have "an ax to grind," of one sort or another, and hearts are only in the way. "How are you, my good fellow?" is very apt to mean, and end in, "Will you endorse my note?" or, "Lend me a C.?" or, "Give me a lift at the next election?" or, "a puff in the *Morning Chronicle?*" etc. etc.

Among fashionable woman-kind, short, crisp kisses are much in vogue, whose ring and pop are very suggestive of the foam and sharp steel they cover. Look out for your universal and inevitable KISSERS. They are the most subtle of all extortioners. This kind drop bits of Bristol board at the doors of their kind, in exchange for bits of Bristol board expected or received. What a blessed state of things when everybody is out, and Bristol board suffices! They are much given also to fine compliments, and expatiate upon your "charming color," your "love of a bonnet," your "dignified air," and "wonderful gifts." To be sure, "*anybody* can *paint*, and go to the milliner's, and put on airs, and rhyme and romance; but, then, a little flattery doesn't cost anything, and makes one feel so comfortable (!!) and say pleasant things back."

Well-to-do people, and large givers, are the largest gift-receivers. "Sending coals to Newcastle" grows into an established rule with us. The gift-table of the millionaire's daughter, the new-made wife of the millionaire's son, towers, and glitters, and groans,—a snug little fortune, in *bijoux* and baubles; while the unportioned bride of the salaried groom has nothing to show but the wedding-ring—and her brave young husband.

Worldly men and women sit down and write pretty perfumed notes: "Allow me, dear Sir, or Madame, to send you this token of my distinguished regard." It would never *do* to say—"See here, I have spent a round sum for the accompanying gift, expecting in return, a favor large enough to cover the expense, and leave a handsome surplus for my pains."

But, of all the Shylock-ghosts, most ubiquitous and insinuating—most incarnate and demonian—most wearing, tearing, deluding, pitiless and vindictive, are Shylock-loves. Of these come "green-eyed Jealousy" and all her creeping brood-lunacies, suicides, murders. Shylock-friends and lovers are moral Simooms. They sweep through the heart, a tumultuous tide of protestations, exactions, fire, fury, ashes,—and leave it a waste. Steel your heart to them, if you would not have your heart *turned* to steel, drained of all capacity to love—an exhausted receiver, a pulsing petrifaction. Their exactions take every form. They must have love for love, the same degree and quality, and all the varieties of demonstration. Your emotions, your memories, your solemn silences—your very personality must be joint-stock. Your soul must be always swimming upon the surface—alert, smiling, and talkative. You must wear your heart upon your sleeve, where its throbs can be counted. You must have no other loves; your other friends are all unworthy—false. You must be a piece of mechanism—a sweet-toned instrument, answering in strains sad or joyous, as the one touch calls them forth.

Thank Heaven these are not loves—not friendships, but monstrous abortions. There *are* companionships—large, tender, and genial—growing here in this world for another and better. There are true Givers, too, and genuine courtesies, honest opinions, and whole-hearted charities, in this world of ours. I have merely served up a class, because there was need.

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ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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* * *

☞ *The Home Journal*, in the course of a very favorable review of "A True History of the Colony of New Plymouth," states that certain literary people are "dying to know" the name of the author, and calls upon us to give the desired information. We should like to oblige Messrs. Morris & Willis, but in this case they must excuse us. The *New York Courier*, an enterprising weekly, which we are pleased to see is now issued on Saturday morning, as a local paper, has the following paragraph on this subject:

"It has been stated in a Philadelphia paper that Doctor Holmes, the author of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," is the writer of the "Plymouth Pilgrims," now in course of publication in the *New York Ledger*. But the *Boston Transcript* denies the truth of the statement, and we are very glad of it. It was a compliment to Dr. Holmes to attribute the authorship of the work in question to him; but the denial by his friends that he is the author is not only creditable to him, as being too honest to wear another man's laurels, but it affords the public the gratifying information that there is another author in the country fully equal to himself in his own special province. The next question is, who is this new writer? Where does he live, and what is his name? Trot him out."

Another weekly paper, which claims to know more about this matter than the rest of our smart contemporaries, endeavors to leave the impression on the minds of its readers that Dr. Holmes *is* the author of the "History" in question, and triumphantly asks, "Why does not Dr. Holmes deny the authorship over his own signature if he does not write it?" To this we will only reply that we presume Dr. Holmes will do so; and when he does we will cheerfully publish his denial in the *Ledger*. By the same mail, we shall probably receive a letter from "I. B." denying that he writes "The Professor Under the Table."

"THE COMMON PEOPLE."

This phrase has been in use from time immemorial, not only as a distinction but as a stigma. Still the 'common people,' the masses of mankind, have enshrined in their hearts the great virtues, and with their hands wrought the great labors of the world. From the bosom of their needs and aspirations have sprung the noblest exemplars of philosophy and religion—of patriotism and heroism—and in every cause and for every idea, that required martyrs for its vindication, the ranks of the 'common people' have furnished the readiest sacrifice. Many a corner even of written history bears evidence of this, yet multitudes of aristocratical and Pharisaical lips have not ceased to curl with scorn whenever they allude to the toiling, patient, humbler majority of mankind.

It is a good deal now, as it was when certain persons asked concerning the 'Carpenter's Son,' "have any of the rulers and Pharisees believed on him?" Eighteen centuries have gone since the aristocracy of Judea rejected the 'Light of the World' because it shone for, and from the midst of, the common people; and who of to-day is not acquainted with some, even among the professed followers of Him who fellowshiped with 'publicans and sinners,' who in the bestowal of their regard make wide allowance in favor of the 'higher classes?' Indeed, who does not know some, whose greatest tribulation in the pursuit of good works is their difficulty in finding people good enough to work with.

Sir Francis Burdett honored himself even more than he vindicated our common humanity, when he declared from an English hustings that he knew no common people, in the distinguishing sense of that term. Poor and humble people there were, as contrasted with the rich and the proud, but he had lived to learn that some of the poorest specimens of our race had come from the circles of the most pretentious, while many of the best and noblest had risen from the ranks of the most unpretending and obscure. He repudiated the phrase 'common people' as an insult to humanity and a libel upon God. And if repudiated by a titled man within the shadow of a throne, and in the midst of the proudest feudal caste on earth, how much more should it be repudiated by us who have rejected thrones and castes! We never hear the phrase but it stirs our indignation to its depths, as it calls up in our mind the host of illustrious names of those who have sprung from the ranks to redeem the character of the race.

* * *

QUIET VIRTUE AND NOISY CRIME.

There are times when such a succession of startling crimes bursts upon the ear of the public, that we are tempted to think the decorous and virtuous-seeming society in which we live is but the smiling and vine-clad crust of a volcano of raging corruption. The truth is, that one discovered crime makes more noise than ten thousand virtuous actions, and the very horror which its discovery incites proves that virtue is the rule. Here in New York, we have many thousands of honest and faithful clerks, who toil on, from season to season, unnoticed and unknown, save by those whose work they do, and those who share the well-won rewards of their labor. But let one of them commit a forgery, and the whole city rings with the infamy of the act. Here we have a hundred thousand tender and virtuous mothers, some watching with sublime patience the sick-bed of their suffering offspring, others consoling unfortunate husbands, all doing their duty in their appointed sphere, with no reward but the love of those whose existence they gladden, and the approval of their own consciences, and too often with only the latter. No paragraph extols their devotion. No knot of eager citizens gathers upon the street-corners to descant upon their virtues. But, when *one* goes astray, what a prodigious and prolonged clamor is raised!

We do not complain of this. Virtue is its own reward, and asks neither recognition nor applause, while vice is never so deadly as when it works in secret, never so near the end of its power to do harm as when the light of publicity flashes upon its hidden retreats. Like a loathsome, vermin-infested house, where every unclean thing riots and battens in the security of filth and darkness, is the heart of the undiscovered criminal! Anon, with a loud crash which alarms the neighborhood and gathers a crowd of spectators, it tumbles into ruin. The noise of its fall is great. But the end of its evil career has come.

WHERE TO TAKE THE LITTLE ONES.

The wind blows keenly now, but summer will be upon us before long; and ere it comes, we want to say one word for the children to those parents who are already discussing the point, "where shall we spend the Summer months?" Don't take the poor little city-stifled children to a fashionable watering place, where their chief care must be *not* to soil their fine clothes; where, alas! healthy "dirt pies" are unknown, and grass grows (if at all) only to look at. Have mercy upon their pale faces and half developed limbs, and turn them into some open pasture, near some old farm house (where they and you can sleep o' nights) where milk abounds, and berries invite the touch in every hedge and grassy lane; where broad trees spread out their sheltering arms, and clover blossoms and daisies make the fragrant air a blessing to breathe. Look out too for a *big barn*, where you can sit rainy days while the children frolic in the hay, and watch the warm showers fall on tree, shrub and flower; or lay your hand on the nice old horse in his stall, who with arching neck, erected mane, and lustrous human eye, turns his head lovingly for your caress, and says—as plain as a horse *can* say—do you not believe that I can love as well as you? There's a great deal to be seen in a barn on rainy days—as your little ones will find out; and oh the rosy cheeks, and the little brown hands that will come of this joyous country life. A child is not half a child who has never tried it. It is a cruel thing to stifle or lop off this part of their nature, within the brick walls of the city. If it *be* a sacrifice to you to go—*make it*. You will have artificial life enough for you and them when you return in the autumn to the city. Have pity then, on the city-stunted children when the violets blow, and every little bird and butterfly has leave to sing and soar its little day.

* * *

NATIONAL EXTRAVAGANCES.

We hear a good deal of complaint about the extravagances of our government, and the useless expenditure of millions of dollars yearly; and we know that over fifty millions in a lump are annually made away with in keeping our national machinery in order; but there are few who know anything about the matter in detail, or have any realizing sense of the actual waste of money which takes place. The navy, for example, costs about fifteen millions a year, the army as much more, and these enormous sums are swallowed up, wiped out of existence, and not a vestige of anything left behind to tell what so much money went for. But there is a standing monument of extravagance in Washington, where the people may be able to see for all time to come the objects for which some of their money has been expended. There they may be seen in the national capitol doors that have cost forty thousand dollars each; a single balustrade leading down a private stairway, where the light is so dim that it is difficult to see it at all, which cost thirty thousand dollars, and other enormous gew-gaws of a similar character. But there is one thing to be said in favor of these things, that they are permament and will remain forever to attest the reckless prodigality with which the representatives of the people spend the nation's money. So they will not be altogether valueless. The new Capitol has already cost five millions of dollars, and it is estimated that eight millions more will be required to finish it. And then that magnificent structure, which will be our national boast and an astonishment to all the world, will have cost less than our navy for *only* one year.

* * *

EXAMINING HEADS.

This business appears to be on the decline. It has been taken up by the fortune-tellers and clairvoyance people, and these vulgar charlatans are said to have ruined the trade of the "regular" manipulators. We are inclined to believe, however, that it has died a natural death. The phrenological charts sold at a dollar a piece by the "professors," and which purport to be perfect maps of the mind, have been discovered to be charts by which nobody can sail. Hence the demand for them has in a great measure ceased, and the rooms of the "professors" are no longer like barber-shops, with a customer in every chair, and four or five heads in hand at once.

There is, no doubt, some truth in the *general principles* of phrenology, but its *details* have never been satisfactorily verified. Gall and Spurzeim, the founders of the so-called science, and Combe, its most able illustrator and advocate, were undoubtedly men of philosophic minds and earnest, if not unprejudiced, searchers after truth. Yet the world at large has never been able to discover the remarkable coincidences between "bumps" and mental endowments which these distinguished men insist upon. On the contrary, the daily experience of those who have looked into the subject with impartial eyes has been decidedly adverse to the *minutiæ* of phrenology. Hence its decline—for that it is declining, and will soon be shelved with "Lavater's Physiognomy," is beyond reasonable question.

* * *

A WORD TO HUSBANDS.

Has anybody ever written upon the responsibility which rests upon a husband *with regard to his education of his wife?* Of course we know what you will say about her being supposed to have "finished her education" before marriage, and all that; and yet you and we know that she begins as new an education with him as if she had never seen the alphabet. *His* views, *his* feelings, *his* ideas, are they nothing to her, if she loves him? Years after, when they who "knew her as a girl" come to talk with the matron, do they not find her husband reflected in every sentence, either for good or evil? Of course, the more strongly a woman loves, the more completely is her own identity absorbed in her husband's. This is a point which is too much neglected by married men. A good husband is almost certain to have a good wife; and if she be "not so good as he could wish" at the commencement of their married life, he can soon educate her up to the proper mark. And, on the other hand, he can so educate her *down* as to render his home a purgatory, and perhaps bring upon himself and his family the greatest agony and keenest pangs of disgrace which a husband or children can feel.

* * *

THE SIMPLE SECRET.

Twenty clerks in a store. Twenty "hands" in a printing-office. Twenty apprentices in a ship-yard. Twenty young men about a village. All want to get on in the world, and all expect to do so. *One* of the clerks will rise to be partner and make a fortune. *One* of the compositors will own a newspaper and become an influential and prosperous citizen. *One* of the apprentices will come to be a master-builder. *One* of the young villagers will get a handsome farm and live like a patriarch. But which is destined to be the lucky individual? Lucky? There is no luck about it. The thing is almost as certain as the Rule of Three. The young fellow who will distance his competitors is he who masters his business, who preserves his integrity, who lives cleanly and purely, who never gets into debt, who gains friends by deserving them, and puts his money into the savings-bank. There are some ways to fortune that *look* shorter than this old dusty highway. But the staunch men of the community, the men who achieve something really worth having, good fortune, good name, and a serene old age, all go this road.

THOUGHTS AS THEY OCCUR.

BY ONE WHO KEEPS HIS EYES AND EARS OPEN.

Number Ten.

THE VIRTUE AND FANATICISM OF NEATNESS.

It has been said that poetry must be a birthright. It cannot spring from education merely. We are sure that the same is yet more eminently true of Neatness! A man must have an original genius for it, or he will not excel. We have good reasons for saying so. We admire pictures, without being able to paint them, and we admire neatness in the same way. We have a sort of reverence for a comprehensively neat and orderly person, as of a being of superior endowments. We could never gain an insight into that rare and wonderful mental mechanism by which everything is made to arrange itself without commotion, and things come to pass neatly. It is a matter of genius undoubtedly. Education may develope it, direct it, but never creates it. All the education in the world could not enable us to fold a shirt so that it would come forth with the creases in the right place. We can roll up a bundle, we can tumble up a garment, we can crowd into very narrow compass any amount of linen. But when it comes forth again, who can describe its condition? But another hand is put forth. Every thread knows its master. Each pleat and every fold submit themselves. Creases vanish in despair. And a heterogeneous heap comes quietly into order and contact, so that a trunk is packed with as much harmony as are the muscles and tissues of the human body.

Then there is the mystery of bureau drawers. We never put anything into them that it does not seem to shove everything else. We never take anything out, without discomposing all that remains. There is a fatality of disorder in our touch. But another soothes the drawer, brings peace to linen and composure to ruffled handkerchiefs, and heterogeneous stockings. If we hang up anything in the closet, it is sure to fall down again. If we want a coat, it is sure to be under two or three other garments, which always get out of the way in any but the right way. Our boots and shoes take every liberty with us, and despise regularity in arrangement. Indeed, our visit to any place is a sure indication that the place needs some attention. But if these easy things are difficult, what shall be said of books, of papers, of letters, of engravings, of pictures, and of all the multitude of nameless things that make up a collector's cabinet? Who can describe a gentleman's house when his family is away? Books accumulate on the floor; papers load down the table; pitchers, tumblers, plates, blink from among statuettes and vases on the mantel-piece; framed engravings and pictures are stacked against the wall six or seven deep; portfolios raise their huge sides flat upon the floor; shawls and dressing gowns are tucked upon the sofa; hats, caps gloves and shoes are promiscuous and diffusive; heaps of everything abound everywhere. There is a place for every thing and every thing is in its place, and that place is, the floor. The ashes are forgotten and protrude far beyond decency and the fender; canes and fishing rods confer together in the corner, and cups and balls roll, and jingle in every drawer. All the tumblers in the house have been used for flowers, and all the pitchers have been brought up with water. And yet, the man loves order, and no one has a keener sense of gratitude when the restoring hand at last arrives, and all things as if conscious of a new influence begin their march to their own domain!

But order and neatness are different things. A man may be forgiven for disorder but not for dirtiness, and especially if it be personal. There are many persons scrupulously neat who are not orderly, and sometimes we meet a man who is orderly but not neat; but generally neatness and order are twin sisters. And how beautiful! We can pity and forgive the want of these qualities in man, but not in woman. All virtues and graces go for nothing in a slattern. A woman must be superhuman indeed, angelic, who could please without neatness. Probably the conviction of this truth accounts for the universal grace of neatness among women. There are occasional rumors of a contrary state of things. But we always tread them under foot indignantly as wanton slanders. Women *are* neat. If not, they are not women.

Nay. Women are in danger of excess in carefulness. They run into radical notions of order and even flame forth into fanaticisms of neatness. Then, neatness becomes most afflictive. It has long been a question with me, which was most dreadful, a disorderly house, or a dwelling given up to the insanity of neatness. In the sacred precinct of that dwelling where the despotic woman wields the sceptre of fierce neatness one treads as if he carried his life in his hands. Order is the center, and neatness the supreme law, of the house. Nothing is pardonable, nothing tolerated which does not nimbly and abjectly bow down to them. Sin and dirt are synonymous. Vain are Lesson and Catechise without precision and absolute neatness. All the instruments of this final quality become reverend. A child that would speak slightingly of broom, brush or towel, is on the road to profanity! All moral qualities are inflections or subordinates of the supreme virtue of cleanly order. Men are divided into two classes, the neat and the filthy. The grades of respectability and the order of endowment are all measured by the relative capacity for neatness! Everything comes under this Moral Law. The horse must be neat, the cow must be neat, the dog must be neat, the pigs must be neat! From cellar to attic there is the most fierce and vigilant hunt for the germ of dirt. There must not only be no spot, or soil, or litter, but not even the suspicion of any! What avails all virtues, all graces of speech, all helpful kindness, if, when the matron lays her head on the pillow, there is a probable shaving on the nursery floor—an undusted chair, or a bit of lint right out on the parlor carpet?

Common, ignorant folks have but a slight idea of neatness as a science. It is with many people of a neglected education a mere superficial quality. Have they ever classified the different kinds of dirt? traced them to their sources? and studied their habits? Do they even know that there is a Natural History of Dirt? There is mould, rust, mildew, dust, smoke-grime; dirt of wood, of woolen, of cotton, of fruit and vegetable, of paper, of leaves, of insects, of birds and beasts, of men and children, solid, liquid, gaseous, ærial, terraqueous, visible and invisible. There is the dirt of the crack, of the crack vertical and the crack horizontal, of the moulding and cornice, of the wall and ceiling, of the curtain and carpet, of cupboard and closet, of table and bed, of seasons. Each in kind, winter dirt, spring, summer, and autumn dirts, and each to be searched, seized, condemned and annihilated.

The house-wife becomes a knight-errant. Ghosts and giants are nothing to her. Castles and encounters of freebooters she turns over to nursery credulity. She has her broom and brush in hand, her armature of cloth and wash, for that deceitful, stealthy, ubiquitous foe of all domestic peace, universal dirt. All nature is her enemy. All winds are adverse which bring dust. All phenomena are regarded as good or bad from the producing tendencies! The economy of life is arranged with superior reference to virtues of order and neatness. Comfort is nothing—ease is nothing, happiness is nothing, good dispositions are nothing. Neatness is the one grace. That determines when you must get up, what you must wear, where you may sit down, what you may touch, what rooms are usable, what days of the week are home days, or endurable days. Life has not one moment of unwinking vigilance! Not one moment is there that the great Arch Enemy of connubial felicity does not threaten a speck or a spot upon something. You live under a perpetual and sounding "Take Care." It is "take care, don't touch that silver, you will tarnish it." "Take care of that sofa, it is newly covered." "Don't sit on that clean chintz; you ought to know better than to sit down on such a chair?" "Let that hat alone, you will soil it." "Pray don't go near that sideboard, you'll scratch it." "A stick! a knife!! Whittling in the parlor!!! Go out—out with you; go out of the yard, go into the road; go behind the barn, where the wind wont blow your shavings back." "Don't eat apples in the sitting-room—you always drop some seeds." "Child, come away from that door. You are not going into that room; it is just put in order!" And thus, family discipline, domestic life, and the whole end of living seems to be to avoid dirt, and secure neatness. Is there anything so tormenting as ecstatic neatness! Oh, for a morsel of dirt, as a luxury! How good dust looks! A plowed field with endless dirt—all hail! The great sentence itself, which consigns man finally to dust again, becomes a consolation!

* * *

KEEP YOUR TEMPER.

Keep your temper—for policy's sake, if not from principle. There is both dignity and power in a calm, even temper. To govern one's self, according to Scripture, is to be fit to govern a nation. We are not for a latitudinarian application of Hamlet's advice to his mother—"assume a virtue if you have it not"—but if disguise be ever tolerable, it is when it masks a hot temper. What discord and ruin, to individuals and nations, have sprung from ill-temper. Anger, from the most trivial causes, has sundered friends and embroiled states—feuds and wars have been its bitter, and almost universal fruit. The temper of a man is the index of his moral culture—the temper of a nation, the index of its civilization. The ruder the individual, and the more savage or barbarous a people, the larger the area of violence.

Undoubtedly anger is a passion natural to man—it belongs to the animal of his being—but it is his noblest human and Christian achievement, to subdue this animal passion. In proportion as he subjects physical force to reason, he rises above the brute. In a mad warfare with the beasts of the forest, man is no match—but by the calm exercise of his reason he is master of them all. And so with his fellows—his chief advantage must come from his temper. In an old play, a character prides himself that, his "heart bears anger as the flint bears fire;" but though this were better than prolonged rage, a single spark of anger has been the seed of many a wide-spread ruin.

The smallest exercise of anger, is no part of the Christian dispensation. If of old the rule was "an eye for an eye," we are now commanded to "love one another." Remember that, however violent the anger of an opponent, you may by good temper preserve peace. It takes two to quarrel—and one soon tires or shames of his rage, if it be met with words of peace.

* * *

FINE OLD BOYS.

Talk about the "gravity becoming to age" as much as you will, but blessed is the man who can keep his heart green and gay after the frosts of life's winter have got into his hair. Your fine old boy is always popular. Children like him and he likes children. On the other hand, your austere venerables who never laugh, are things of dread, in fact bogies, to the rising generation. Youngsters prefer the fine old boy who frolics with them to the grim old fogy who frowns at their antics, for the same reason that they enjoy preserves and make a wry face at pickles. Why should not the heart of an old man be merry, we would like to know? Why should not his eye twinkle with good humor, and his conversation abound with pleasant anecdote? Is it because he is near the end of his journey? Surely not, for to be genial, hopeful, happy, are signs of a clear conscience and a firm trust in the future. A sour old man *may* be a pattern of all the virtues, but certainly a christian sugar-coated and full of the milk of human kindness is much more *like* a christian than one of the sour cider class. One suspects the Pharisee where gravity is pushed to such a painful extreme as to preclude a joyous laugh. The fine old man who does his duty conscientiously, has a *right* to laugh. Why, forsooth, should he go to his grave like

> "A slave scourged to his dungeon"

when he has every reason to approach it

> "Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> Around him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

* * *

THE FAMILY MAN.

We like sometimes, on our evening journey homeward in public conveyances, to pick out *the happy family men;* and they are by no means so rare as sour, selfish people would have us believe. It gives us a thrill of delight to see in their hands a picture-book, or toy, or bouquet; for well we know the happiness these (so called) "trifles" bring to the expecting fireside circle. And well may a man treasure his fireside comforts; well may he remember those who make toil light to him, and guard him with loving hearts and pure arms, from the blighting, contaminating influences, which surround the solitary, yearning, unloved man in a great city. Well may he throw himself down upon the sofa and draw a long breath of relief, as the iron hand of barter and trade is lifted from his heart, and the doors are thrown wide open for love to enter. Well may he—like a miser—hoard these happy moments, ere death's shadow fall on his threshold, and he wander through desolate rooms—familiar, yet oh, so fearfully strange! followed by little pattering feet, that wander up and down through the long day in nursery and parlor, seeking her whose loss shall be greater and greater each day to the motherless. Oh, ye who have happy homes; who miss no dear head when the good-night blessing is given and taken; into whose face clear, *innocent* eyes look lovingly, talk not of toil or labor with such blessings as these.

Fanny Fern.

* * *

"THE SECRET OF SUCCESS."

As there are nine miserable failures in the world, to one great success, of course every one is eager to learn the secret by which success may be rendered certain. But, it will profit one very little to learn the so-called secret of success, unless the ability and the opportunity to achieve success accompany it. Some very sanguine people seeing that many who advertise largely succeed in their undertakings, jump at once to the conclusion that the secret of success is all involved in the little word "advertise." There is no harm in advertising, *per se;* but the secret of success will not be found there, unless you have something to advertise that people want, and your commodity is cheaper and better than anybody else can furnish. But success implies completeness of design, and the accomplishment of the great purposes of life. A man may succeed in making a fortune; but if it is done at the sacrifice of health, reputation, and the good opinion of the world, what sort of a success is it? Who desires to be successful in such a way as that? What every man desires is success in its largest sense, which includes health, wealth, the esteem of the world, troops of friends, length of days, and all the delights which make life desirable. To attain this kind of success you have only to be temperate, to be frugal, to be honest, to be industrious, to attend to your own affairs and not meddle with other people's; to look your difficulties straight in the face, and never neglect an opportunity of improving your own condition, or of doing good to others. These are the secrets of success, and all others that conflict with them are bogus.

* * *

THE GAME OF SCANDAL.

BY ANNA CORA RITCHIE.

Have you ever played at "Scandal," Friend? Pure must the heart be that feels no sudden pang of conscience at that bomb-like question. But the startling query, in this instance, mildly refers to a game called "*Scandal,*" the delight of juveniles "too joyous to be very wise." Yet is there wisdom and warning enough in the game itself to force the conclusion that its origin was in the brain of some sage satirist who hid a sober moral with a sportive mask.

The players sit in a row;—the one at the head whispers to his neighbor a communication concerning some absent friend; the neighbor whispers the news, as he hears it, to the one next to him, who conveys the intelligence, still in a whisper, to the one nearest; thus it is imparted again and again until it reaches the end of the line. As the sentence is transmitted from mouth to mouth, it is *unintentionally, unavoidably* altered; the words have been incorrectly caught by the listening ear—with each repetition they undergo a change—by the time the sentence has travelled to its journey's close it has passed through so many strange mutations that it bears not the slightest resemblance to the original phrase. Every one is requested, beginning at the last hearer, to declare what information concerning Mr. —— or Mrs. —— or Miss —— was confided to him, and lo! through these singular transitions the harmless assertion has become a monstrous slander! This "scandal" was obviously the offspring of inadvertent, unconscious misrepresentation. As the story is traced back through all its crooked paths, the most hilarious merriment is excited by its odd metamorphoses.

The young play this game in jest for the sake of the mirth it awakens; their seniors are playing it in sober, fatal earnest, all the world over, and like them, for the sake of mere amusement. Aye—playing it daily without self-reproach—playing it without dreaming that they are "coiners of scandal and clippers of reputation"—playing it without reflecting that their game can produce more dangerous consequences than the sport of the children!

Let us not confound these comparatively innocent scandal-mongers with that venomous class whose adder-like stings are aimed with malicious purpose—whose poisonous tongues blacken the fairest fame for the sheer delight of traducing—whose Upas breath withers the freshest flowers of Innocence with its invisible touch—whose defiled hands stir up the mud in purest streams of life—whose jaundiced eyes see all creation through a distorted medium,—whose splenetic natures are constantly goaded by Envy and armed with the deadly weapons of Hatred. Against those, the sagest poet that the sun ever shone upon, tells us that there is *no* ægis that can protect even the immaculate.

> "No might, no greatness in mortality
> Can censure 'scape—back-wounding calumny
> The whitest virtue strikes.—What king so strong
> Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?"

Since the world has no social Perseus who can lift an invincible sword to slay those Gorgons, they are not our theme.

To them the players in the world's great game of "scandal" bear little resemblance. The latter are vivacious, courteous, agreeable, *respectable* members of society. If the whole truth must be spoken, we are bound to admit that these graceful babblers are chiefly of the gentler sex.

Since the world began, women must have had an especial gift of speech, for the very name of "Eve," acording to Buxtorf's Hebrew Lexicon, is derived from a root which signifies "to talk;" thus her temptations to indulge in idle strictures must be greater than those of her more taciturn brother.

But the amiable newsmongers, who are playing this "game of scandal" with honied lips and smiling eyes, *mean no harm.* Theirs are random arrows shot in sport—yet the shaft scathes, be the hand by which it was aimed ever so white! Some charming, giddy-pated creature, with unbridled levity of tongue, gives breath to a good story (not particularly *good natured)* about a certain *poor dear* friend of hers;—the news is whispered in the ear of the next neighbor, kind "Mrs. Clackitt," and being imperfectly heard, or not thoroughly understood, undergoes an unintentional change, (as in the famous game we have cited.) Mrs. Clackitt, with eager volubility, confides the secret to the first person she meets, good Mrs. Grim. Mrs. Grim chances to be of a sarcastic turn of mind, and the Tale assumes a satirical countenance—it is wafted onward until it reaches Miss Balm, a very humane and tender-hearted gossip;—in her sympathetic bosom it is weighed down with such a pressure of pity, that the features of the traveling Story are smoothed into new shape. A few more steps onward—a few more pleasant touches from rosy lips and snowy hands—and the original lineaments are wholly obliterated.

But is this all? What becomes of the heroine of the game? How shall she break loose from the tangled web woven by mere idle talk? Whither shall she fly from the stabbing of inconsequent tongues? If her lacerated reputation ever heal, will not those wounds leave a disfiguring scar *for life?*

Fairest prospects have been hopelessly blighted—strongest ties of friendship dissevered—love transformed to hate—hearts broken—homes made desolate through the daily playing of this *merry* game of "scandal" at our firesides—in our walks—in our social gatherings. The most zealous player, having no evil end in view, if told that he has dealt a blow to a friend, or done a neighbor a wrong, would meet the charge, indignant and aghast. Yet the game goes on bravely, from day to day! We all play it, quite innocent of malice—give a buffet to the flying tale to send it onward—half expiring with laughter at the quaint, fantastic shapes it assumes.

Without presuming to don the solemn robes of the social reformer, which might float from unregal shoulders with as little grace as the usurped lion's skin in the fable, may we not venture to suggest an antidote to the bane of this popular, death-dealing game? We fear it is one almost too simple to strike—yet simplest herbs have counteracted deadliest poisons. It lies in resolutely setting our faces against crediting any injurious rumor by the reflection that the story is, in all probability, an illustration of the marvelous metamorphoses wrought by that magical game of "scandal" which we, and all the world, are merrily playing.

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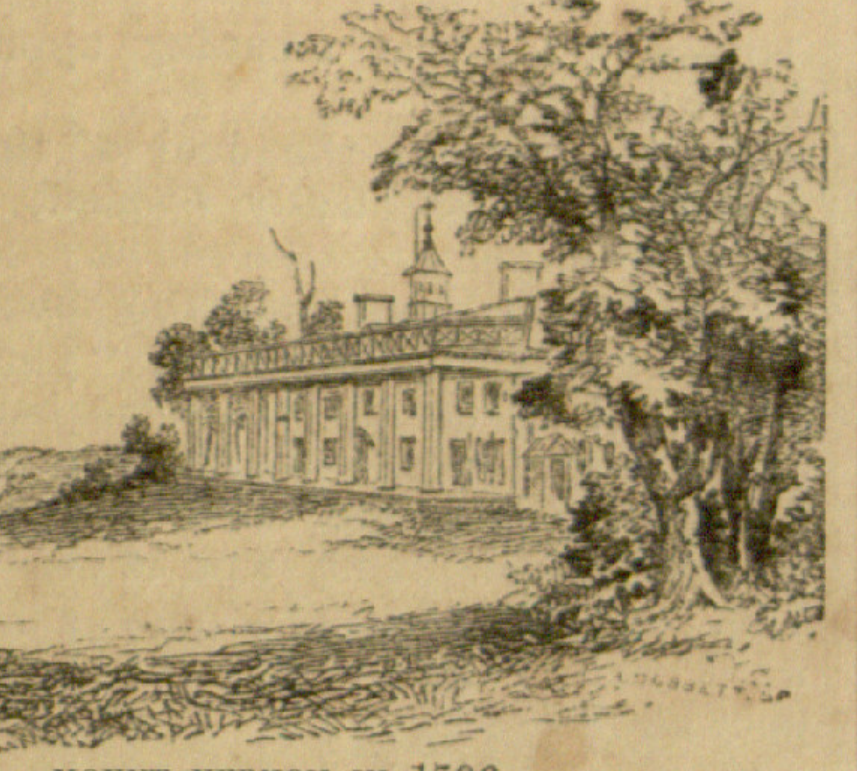
☞ Read the original Scotch ballad on our fifth page. It is from the pen of a young lady less than fifteen years of age.



MOUNT VERNON IN 1796.

THE MOUNT VERNON PAPERS.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

EXITUS ACTA PROBAT.—*Washington's Motto.*

Number Fourteen.

THE FOURTH OF MARCH, 1789.

Commencement of the present United States government in New York, seventy years ago this day.—Sketch of the history of the promulgation and ratification of the Constitution—Delay in organizing the new Congress—Arrival of Washington at New York and his inauguration—Question as to the titles to be given to the President and Vice President —Amusing anecdote—Causes of the prevailing apathy—The general languor of the country a circumstance favorable to a peaceful revolution—No such revolution possible in highly prosperous times—Much owing to the disinterested patriotism of the revolutionary and constitutional leaders and especially Washington—Closing reflection.

On this day seventy years ago an event took place, inferior in importance to no other, in the history of the country, if to any other in the political history of the world. On this day seventy years ago, the present Constitution of the United States became "the supreme law of the Land," and New York became for a time the seat of the new government. If, as General Hamilton asserts in the last number of "the Federalist," the "establishment of a Constitution, in time of profound peace, by the voluntary consent of a whole People, is a *Prodigy*," that prodigy became an historical fact, on the Fourth of March, 1789. Let us dwell upon it for a moment in reverent contemplation. It is not one of the Prodigies of ancient fable, which told how

A lioness hath whelped in the streets,
And graves have yawned, and yielded up their dead:
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses do neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.

These were the prodigies, which foretold the assassination of Cæsar and the inauguration of a despotism, doomed for fourteen centuries to master and oppress the world. Ours was the auspicious Prodigy of a well-compacted republic, formed by the counsels of unselfish patriots, pure from the stain of blood, destined, let us trust, to be the safeguard and the blessing of far-distant ages.

The Constitution of the United States was finally proclaimed by the Federal Convention on the 17th of September, 1787, and was on that day, in pursuance of an unanimous vote of its framers, transmitted to the Congress of the Confederation, then sitting at New York, with a letter signed by George Washington, President of the Convention. The Constitution itself fixed no day when it should begin to be of force, as the supreme law of the land. It provided only that when ratified by the Conventions of nine States it should go into operation "between the States ratifying the same."

With this provision it went forth to the States and to the People, to be ratified by their Conventions. It was a season of expectation, of anxiety, and, on the part of many true patriots, of alarm. The People were divided into parties; and a document so extensive and comprehending so many details of course presented many points open to criticism. By many persons, and among them there were tried patriots and good citizens, the proposed new government seemed to be fraught with menace to the hardly-earned, dear-bought rights of the States and liberties of the people; by others, it was looked upon as the only hope for the salvation of the country. Washington was one of those who regarded it in this light. "There is a tradition," says Mr. Curtis in his valuable History of the Constitution, (vol. II., p. 487,) "that when Washington was about to sign the instrument, he rose from his seat, and, holding the pen in his hand, after a short pause, pronounced these words:—'Should the States reject this excellent Constitution, the probability is that an opportunity will never again offer to cancel another in peace,—the next will be drawn in blood.'"

The public press was enlisted on both sides of the momentous question. Writers of great ability attacked and defended the new project of government, but the letters of Publius, under the title of "the Federalist," the joint work of Alexander Hamilton, John Jay, and James Madison have alone survived the occasion that drew them forth, and descended with a classical reputation. The first number of this remarkable series of papers was written by General Hamilton, toward the end of the month of October, 1787, on board a packet bound up the North River. They produced a great effect on the public mind, and formed an armory of weapons for the defence of the Constitution, throughout the country.

Little Delaware led off with her ratification on the 7th of December, 1787; and the remaining States followed, Pennsylvania on the 12th of December; Georgia on the 2d of January, 1788; Connecticut on the 9th of January; Massachusetts on the 6th of February; Maryland on the 28th of April; and South Carolina on the 23rd of May. Eight months had now elapsed since the formation of the Constitution and eight States only had ratified it. In two of the five remaining States, viz.: North Carolina in the South and Rhode Island in the North, no ratification was at present expected; and the other three States, New Hampshire, New York, and Virginia, were yet to act; thus conferring on any one of the three great sections of the country (for the West at that time had not been called into existence) the power of consummating the organization of the Union. In New York and Virginia a very formidable opposition was expected, and the result was doubtful; everything for the moment seemed to depend on New Hampshire. On the 21st of June, 1788, her ratification took place, and with it the Constitution, as between the nine ratifying States, became the supreme law of the land. The ratification of Virginia followed on the 26th of June, and that of New York on the 26th of July. North Carolina delayed her ratification till the 21st of November, 1789; and Rhode Island hers till the 29th of May, 1790.

As soon as the ratification of nine States was certified to the old Congress, (and that of New Hampshire, all important as it was in calling the new government into being, does not appear to have been officially reported till the 2nd of July) the nine ratifications were referred to a Committee to examine the same, and report an Act of Congress for putting the Constitution into operation, "in pursuance of the resolution of the Federal Convention." A struggle immediately arose as to the place where the new government should be established. Most of the members from New England and the Middle States wished either that the seat of the government should continue at New York or be removed to Philadelphia; the Southern members desired a situation nearer the geographical centre of the Union. These conflicting opinions were at length reconciled, by the adoption on the 13th of September 1788, of a resolution which provided that, in order to carry the new Constitution into operation, Presidential electors should be appointed in the several states on the first Wednesday of January, 1789; that the said electors should meet in their several states and vote for President and vice-President on the first Wednesday of February; "and that the first Wednesday in March next" (the fourth of March 1789) be the time, and the present seat of Congress (New York) the place, for commencing proceedings under the said Constitution."

As originally framed, the Constitution provided that two persons should be voted for by the Electors as President and Vice-President; the Candidate having the highest number of votes to be President, and in case of equality the House of Representatives, voting by States, and each state giving one vote, was to decide.—The whole number of electoral votes for President and Vice-President, cast on the first Wednesday of February, was sixty nine. They were given unanimously for Washington, who was predestined in the public mind for the office of President. A much smaller number of votes was given for Mr. John Adams, who however united a large plurality over any other person, as a candidate for the second office. The State of New York took no part in the first Presidential election. She is now much more attentive to her political duties.

At length the Fourth of March 1789,—the appointed day, which was to give an Organized Constitutional existence to a new Confederate Republic, about to enter on an equal footing into the family of nations,—arrived; but on that day there assembled at the seat of the new government at New York, of the Senate, only the two Senators from New Hampshire, Connecticut and Pennsylvania, and one each from Massachusetts and Georgia. These eight punctual men met and adjourned from day to day for a week, without any addition to their number. On the 11th of March they "agreed that a circular should be written to the absent members requesting their immediate attendance." Another week passed with the same result, and on the 18th of March it was again agreed, that "another Circular should be written to eight of the nearest absent members, particularly desiring their attendance, in order to form a quorum." On the 19th of March a Senator from New Jersey dropped in; on the 21st a Senator from Delaware made his appearance, and then for another mortal week no increase of the number of Senators in attendance took place. The other Senator from New Jersey came in on the 28th. No one else made his appearance till the 6th of April, when "Richard Henry Lee of Virginia appearing, took his seat, and formed a quorum of the whole Senators of the United States," viz:, twelve in number, the States which had as yet ratified the Constitution being but Eleven. Such was the tardy organization of the Senate, which at first sat with closed doors, as well for legislative as executive business.

Of the Representatives, of whom the whole number from the eleven ratifying States was but fifty nine, thirteen only assembled at New York on the 4th of March, viz:, four from Massachusetts, three from Connecticut, four from Pennsylvania, one from Virginia, and one from South Carolina. On the following day one more arrived from New Hampshire, one from Massachusetts, two from Connecticut, and one from Pennsylvania. No one else came in till the 14th of March, the house adjourning from day to day for want of a quorum. On that day JAMES MADISON, JNR. and two other members from Virginia came in, but there was still no quorum. On the 17th and 18th of March two more members from Virginia appeared and no further arrivals took place till the 23d. On that day two members came in from New Jersey, and on the 25th another from Virginia. No additional members arrived till the 30th of March, when another member from Maryland and Virginia appeared. On the first of April, another member each from New Jersey and Pennsylvania came in, and a quorum was formed. It was five days more before a quorum of the Senate was present, and the first Congress of the United States was organized. On the 21st of April, the Vice President, John Adams, appeared, and took his seat as President of the Senate. In his address on taking the Chair, he paid an emphatic and eloquent tribute to the newly elected Chief Magistrate.

Expectation now dwelt on the arrival of Washington. He received the official notice of his election on the 14th of April at Mount Vernon, and immediately started for the seat of Government. Attended from City to City by the joyous and grateful salutations of the People, he reached New York on the 23d of April. The necessary arrangements for his inauguration occupied a week, and at length on the 30th of April, in the gallery in front of the Federal Hall, just erected in Wall Street, in the presence of the newly organized Congress, of the Municipal authorities of New York, and her sympathizing population, he took the oath to "preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States." The oath was administered by Chancellor Livingston; the Secretary of the Senate began to raise the Bible to the President's lips, but he bowed his head and kissed the sacred volume. At the close of the solemn ceremony Chancellor Livingston proclaimed "Long live George Washington President of the United States!" He was then fifty seven years, two months and six days old, and he lived ten years, seven months, and fourteen days, from the time of his inauguration.

Before the arrival of the President, a committee had been appointed by the Senate to consider "what style or title it will be proper to annex to the offices of the President and Vice President of the United States, if any others than those given in the Constitution." This Committee consisted of Mr. Richard Henry Lee of Virginia, Mr. Izard of South Carolina, and Mr. Dalton of Massachusetts, and they reported in favor of addressing the Chief Magistrate as "His Highness the President of the United States of America, and Protector of their Liberties." The Senate was inclined to favor that style of address, which was no doubt suggested by the title adopted by the Protector Cromwell, and that of the States General of Holland, who, as was remarked by Mr. Madison, assumed the style of "their High Mightinesses." The House of Representatives deemed it expedient not to bestow any title on the President and Vice-President, and in the answers of the two houses to the President's inaugural speech, he was, without any titular addition, addressed as "President of the United States." The Senate persevered for a few days in the attempt to establish a title by legislation; the house continued to dissent; a committee of conference was appointed who could agree on no report; and the Senate, "desirous of preserving harmony with the House of Representatives," postponed the report of their Committee, and resolved that the present address be "To the President of the United States, without the addition of title."

Notwithstanding this wise decision of the two houses of Congress, grandiloquent titles were occasionally bestowed on the President in the newspapers and other publications of the day. During his tour in 1789, he was sometimes spoken of as his "Highness the President." This is the case in the account of his reception at Worcester; and the following amusing anecdote is found in the "Massachusetts Spy" of 12th of November. It appears from Washington's Diary, under date of 6th of November, that "the house in Uxbridge had a good appearance, (for a tavern,) but the owner of it being from home and his wife sick, we could not gain admittance, which was the reason of my coming on to Taft's." The anecdote is as follows:—

> "The following is handed us for fact, and is one of the many instances, which shew that it is necessary The President of the United States should have some title, of address at least, to distinguish him from other great personages, who may have occasion to travel either in their own or other States. – Towards the close of one day last week, a messenger was sent forward to inform the keeper of the Inn where his Highness intended to lodge that night, that "the President was near by, and wished to be accommodated with lodging, and a little necessary refreshment," &c. The innkeeper was absent; the landlady, supposing the messenger meant, by "*the President*," the President of Rhode-Island College, for it was in the neighborhood of that State, and that of course he had his lady with him, and being herself unwell, she told the messenger she could not entertain "*the President*"—and that he must go on to the next tavern—in consequence of which the messenger, although it was late, had to send word back to his Highness, that he had proceeded on to the next inn, to provide that entertainment which he could not get at the first. The landlady soon after found out her mistake, and most piteously lamented that she could not have known that it was the illustrious Washington, who intended honoring her house—'*Bless me!*' exclaimed she, '*the sight of him would have cured me of my illness, and the best in my house and its town would have been at his service.*' This inn was in the middle of the town, and when the inhabitants who lived in the neighborhood, heard of the affair, they could not refrain expressing the greatest mortification at this unlucky adventure, which deprived many of them of the opportunity of seeing HIM whom they would have delighted to honor."

But to return to our narrative.

Thus quietly, and, if I may use the expression, unconsciously to itself, the government of the United States began its constitutional existence, seventy years ago this day in the city of New York. If we are inclined to wonder at the indifference with which, not merely the public at large, but sagacious politicians and patriotic statesmen looked on, while the infant Republic struggled into being, we must bear in mind the lassitude produced by six years of weary expectation. Who could give assurance, that the Acts of the new government would command a greater measure of respect than the Recommendations of the late Congress? that the new piece of parchment would be more potent than the old?

There is one point of view, in which we must deem it fortunate that the new government came over the land and the people, as the kingdom of Heaven "cometh, not with observation." In no other way could it probably have come at all. There is no other instance in the history of the world of a political change,—proved on trial to be of the utmost importance,—which has been made at the time without bloodshed. No more important revolution than that which substituted the present Constitution for the old Confederation ever took place, in ancient or modern times. A change of government as radical as those which have caused the direst and the deadliest conflicts between the different orders of the State, the existing and the substituted powers, in Greece and in Rome; in mediæval Italy; in England in the middle of the Seventeenth Century, and in France at the close of the eighteenth, was made on this day, in this city, seventy years ago, nearly unperceived, and still more nearly disregarded by an often disappointed and languid people. New York would not even take a part in the organization of the new governm[illegible] established in her own metropolis[illegible] experiment, and the People were tired [illegible]ments. It promised little to grati[illegible]nd its promises carried little hope of fulfilment. It offered nothing to feed the appetite for gold; unable to pay its debts, it was too poor to think of bribes. The vast extent of the Union compared with its scanty population,—the wide spaces which separated its great political centres,—the tardiness of communication between its remote districts,—the comparative feebleness of the press,—the poverty of the country, whose resources were nowhere developed,—the want of armies, navies, and public works, and the frugality of all the public establishments were circumstances which favored a pacific revolution. It was not only only *experimentum*, but *experimentum* (comparatively speaking) *in corpore vili*,—an experiment on a cheap substance; it was well if it succeeded, and no great matter if it failed. There were the State governments to fall back upon, and many good Patriots were opposed to any encroachment on their equal sovereignty.

To bring about a change in the organic law, at the present day, as radical as that which was effected by the new Constitution, would be simply impossible. The magnitude of the existing interests is too great; the strength of the powers in possession too vast; and the spirit of contending opinions and ambitions too resolute, to admit of any great peaceable revolution. As it is only in a reduced state of the natural body, caused by regimen or disease, that certain heroic operations in surgery can be ventured on, so it is only in a body politic, exhausted like that of the United States from 1783 to 1789, that a radical change of organization could be made without a convulsion.

But let us not ascribe too much to circumstances, and too little to the pure and disinterested patriotism of the great and good men of the constitutional period. It is painful to reflect, that, in the great system of compensation which regulates the fortunes of governments as well as those of individuals, the days of palmy prosperity are not those most favorable to the display of public virtue or the influence of wise and good men. In hard, doubtful, unprosperous, and dangerous times, the disinterested and patriotic find their way, by a species of public instinct, unopposed, joyfully welcomed, to the control of affairs. The sufferings of the revolutionary war and the discouragements of the succeeding period had thrown what government there was,—and there was scarce anything that deserved the name,—into the hands of unambitious men, who served the country from a sense of duty. The Presidency of the United States under the new government, that prize in pursuit of which the best interests of the country are daily jeoparded, while all its political energies are driven into the channels of party, with an expansive force which seems perpetually to threaten an explosion,—that dazzling prize was, in the year 1788 and from the moment the Constitution was promulgated, spontaneously allotted, in the public mind, to an Individual, who not only did not covet or seek it, but who recoiled from it, with unaffected reluctance to submit to its burdens and cares,—and who could only be induced, by the urgent and concurring importunities of all in whom he confided, to accept an unanimous election. Who can doubt that if, instead of such a state of things in 1788, a half a dozen of the ablest men in the country and their friends, in and out of Congress, had exerted all their influence over organized parties, and called into action all the resources of political agitation, in different parts of the Union, in order to connect the question of the adoption of the Constitution with their own aspirations, the new government would have failed of adoption? It deserves the thoughtful consideration of all good Citizens, whether a state of things, which would assuredly have prevented the Constitution from coming into existence, will not, if persevered in, and that with ever increasing intensity, prove fatal to its duration, in its original integrity.

New York, 4 March, 1859

CONSISTENCY;

OR,

THROUGH WHAT SPECTACLES SOME FOLKS LOOK AT SOME FOLKS' NEIGHBORS.

The New York Scimetar is disgusted that the New York Penknife has published in its columns an account of the diamonds worn by Miss *O.* at a party, the while its editor *professes* to disbelieve in personalities of this kind, which the New York Scimetar also abominates; and states as a proof of it, and also as a proof of how much more the New York Scimetar knows, (even about odious personalities,) than the New York Penknife, that Miss *O.*, whom both editors gallantly protest *ought* to be left to wear her diamonds undisturbed by the editorial pen, is no more nor less than Miss Ogre, daughter of John Thomas Ogre, of Ogre Square, New York, *as everybody knows.* (And here's where the ignorant New York Penknife's agony is supposed, by the better-informed, *personality-despising* New York Scimetar, to come in!)

Again. The New York Morning Street Corner pitches into the New York Dragon, because it admits things into its columns which should never be found in a *family* paper; and grows moral to the length of half a column on this subject. In the same issue of this virtuous N. Y. Morning Street Corner we find in the advertising column as bad a thing of this kind as can be ferreted out of any paper, ingeniously worded, diplomatically covered up, and no doubt pecuniarily profitable as an advertisement to the virtuous editor.

Again. The New York Bludgeon gives detailed, sickening accounts of some domestic tragedy, dressed up spicily and without regard to veracity, for the prurient taste of his subscribers, and then pats down his conscience, and endeavors to palliate his bad taste and bad morals, by remarking in an editorial, that these dreadful things, if *made known*, may be a means of warning those improperly inclined to avoid the fate which he has so touchingly depicted, (all for a moral purpose, no doubt, and not at all with a business eye to the increased momentum such a precious bit of scandal will give to his subscription list. Philanthropic man!)

Again. The Rev. Mr. Poppy, whose parishioners know as much about his wordy discourses when they come out, as they did when they went in, inveighs in the face of his own empty pews against the Rev. Mr. Chain-Lightning, who walks quietly into men's consciences with a Christ-like simplicity, love, and directness, the stirring effects of which the Rev. Mr. Poppy, and those like him, who prefer to be flattered into Heaven, would in vain attempt to stifle under the opprobrious epithet, "sensation preaching."

Verily, take editors and ministers out of the world, and it would collapse like a week old muffin.

FANNY FERN.

A SCOTCH BALLAD.

The Lord of Glen Allan came home from afar,
With a name high renowned in the annals of war—
With honor's fair crown from the strife he had come;
And the chiefs of his clan he was gathering home.

Wide was opened the hall to admit the long train;
The chief had returned to his mansion again;
And loud, by the vassals, an anthem was poured
Which burst from the threshold to welcome the lord.

Then back from his shoulders his locks the chief tossed,
And with proud step and slow the stone threshold he crossed,
Then slowly around he threw his dark glance,
While his kinsmen and tenants to meet him advance.

Now forth from their midst with her tresses undone,
Which sparkled like gold in the play of the sun—
Light bounded a maid—to the chief drawing nigh—
"With a smile on her lip and a tear in her eye."

"Oh welcome, my daughter—my heart doth rejoice
In the bound of thy foot-step, the sound of thy voice—
And here stands my kinsman—Clan Lair and his band—
Who craves as a suitor the gift of thy hand."

Then pale grew her cheek and right lowly she bent,
And quick her bright glance on the chieftain she sent—
Right courteous his homage and graceful his bow,
Yet fierce was his aspect and dark was his brow.

Then spake Lord Glen Allen, and those in the hall
Were silent and speechless and listening all—
"Oh! thrice happy this moment—through Eglantine fair,
The proud force of Glen Allen unites with Clan Lair.

"My worst foe is taken—the wheel now is turned,
Though dear was the prize which the victory earned.
Stern Fortune relented—now all are subdued,
And the hand of Glen Allen much blood has imbrued.

"Yet one have I taken, brought home with his life,
The rest all are slain in the battle's wild strife.
Ho! there, my brave rear-guard, Clan Lennox forth lead—
Who can succor him now must be gallant indeed."

On his long cherished vengeance so deeply intent,
The chieftain no look on his daughter had bent,
Whose features the color of life had forsaken;
And her form like a reed by the river was shaken.

To the midst of the hall the young captive is led,
High and proud were his glances and firm was his tread;
Deep red were the locks that no helmet enchained
And the plaid of his garments was bloody and stained.

Proud stood Lord Glen Allen, and fastened his gaze
On the form of his victim, then mocking he says,
"Where now the proud forces so valiant and brave—
Why are they not here their great chieftain to save?

"Why has the great warrior forsaken the band
Which his conquests have won and his forces have manned?
His conquests are over, his battles are done,
And Clan Lennox shall die at the set of the sun."

Then spake Father Egmont—a counsellor sage—
"When the battle is over restrained should be rage;
In the turmoil of carnage no mercy is known,
But now let Clan Lennox return to his own."

"No, no, Father Egmont, thy speech is in vain—
Shall the wolf be dismissed to the forest again?"
Then spake all the kinsmen and earnestly prayed,
Against young Clan Lennox his wrath might be stayed.

And then to the hall of the presence there came
Glen Allen's fair lady—a matronly dame—
And her gentle accents were mingled to plead
That the chief of Clan Lennox again might be freed.

Then dark on Glen Allen's harsh brow grew the frown,
As high swells the sea when a zephyr has blown.
But suddenly forward fair Eglantine sprung,
And her arms round the neck of her father she flung.

"Oh! grant, noble father, the boon I demand:
Send back this young chief to his own native land;
Oh, grant me this favor, concede to this prayer,
And ask me no longer to wed with Clan Lair."

On Glen Allan's stern visage the anger raged high;
Wrath flamed from his features and flashed from his eye.
"Dost thou ask me the life of this captive to spare?
Perchance thou would'st like his wild fortunes to share?"

"Oh! that would I gladly," the maiden replied.
Then his out-breaking anger all curbing defied.
He fiercely and strongly repulsed her embrace,
And from her caress he averted his face.

"Set free a vile viper! as fearful to crush!
'Tis enough for his child that Glen Allan should blush."
"Nay, sire, but spare him—I solemnly swear
If Clan Lennox goes free I will marry Clan Lair."

"Aye, that shalt thou do—again I declare it,
And here in the home of my fathers I swear it.
And now, girl I charge thee, no more of my foe;
If he e'er quits this castle, a corpse he shall go.

"He dies ere the sunset—and thou, ere the morn,
To the fields of Clan Lair as a mistress art borne.
No more of thy murmurs—no more of thy prayer—
Thou go'st hence to-morrow the bride of Clan Lair.

"Shall my long-cherished projects of vengeance be foiled,
And Glen Allan's escutcheon dishonored and soiled!
What! spurn the high noble—grant life to a churl—
To humor the whim of an obstinate girl!

"No—never—my all in the flames I would see
Ere Clan Lair is refused or Clan Lennox set free."
Then quick from his girdle his poniard he drew,
And fierce at the chief of Clan Lennox he flew.

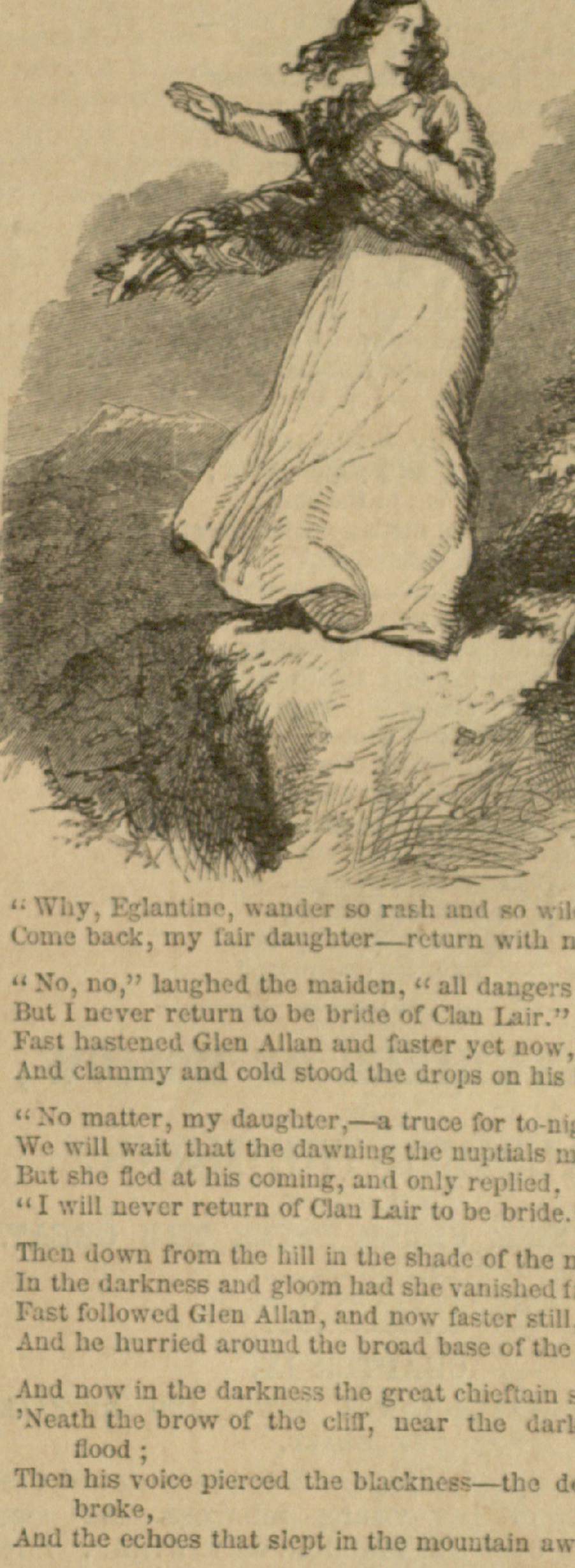
Then paused—"Holy Mary—how fearful my mood—
For well nigh my dagger had drunken his blood—
Away with him quickly; I've sworn he shall die,
And the lips of Glen Allan ne'er uttered a lie."

Then turned Lord Glen Allan—his daughter was gone—
And the long marble hall was deserted and lone.
A vassal he summoned—"My daughter bid here—
I would that she now in my presence appear."

Long gone was the vassal, and these he returned,
And deep in the heart of Glen Allan they burned.
"The castle is traversed from turret to cell—
No trace of the lady doth anywhere dwell."

Slow passed the long hours, and sunk was the sun,
And the shadows of evening came wearily on;
Then forth from the castle slow wandered the lord—
And down through the valley, the glen, and the ford.

And now stood Glen Allan with glance roaming wide,
Till his child on the brink of a hill-cliff he spied.



"Why, Eglantine, wander so rash and so wild?
Come back, my fair daughter—return with me, child."

"No, no," laughed the maiden, "all dangers I'll dare,
But I never return to be bride of Clan Lair."
Fast hastened Glen Allan and faster yet now,
And clammy and cold stood the drops on his brow.

"No matter, my daughter,—a truce for to-night—
We will wait that the dawning the nuptials may light."
But she fled at his coming, and only replied,
"I will never return of Clan Lair to be bride."

Then down from the hill in the shade of the night,
In the darkness and gloom had she vanished from sight;
Fast followed Glen Allan, and now faster still,
And he hurried around the broad base of the hill.

And now in the darkness the great chieftain stood
'Neath the brow of the cliff, near the dark swelling flood;
Then his voice pierced the blackness—the deep silence broke,
And the echoes that slept in the mountain awoke.

"Return, my fair daughter, my old heart to cheer—
There is none who will cherish or hold thee as dear.
Return, and I promise to grant thee thy prayer,
No more will I ask thee to wed with Clan Lair."

And there came from the mountains the pibroch's wild scream,
And shapes flitted by like the shades of a dream,
And a death-note was borne on the high swelling gale
Which came to Glen Allan half dirge and half wail.

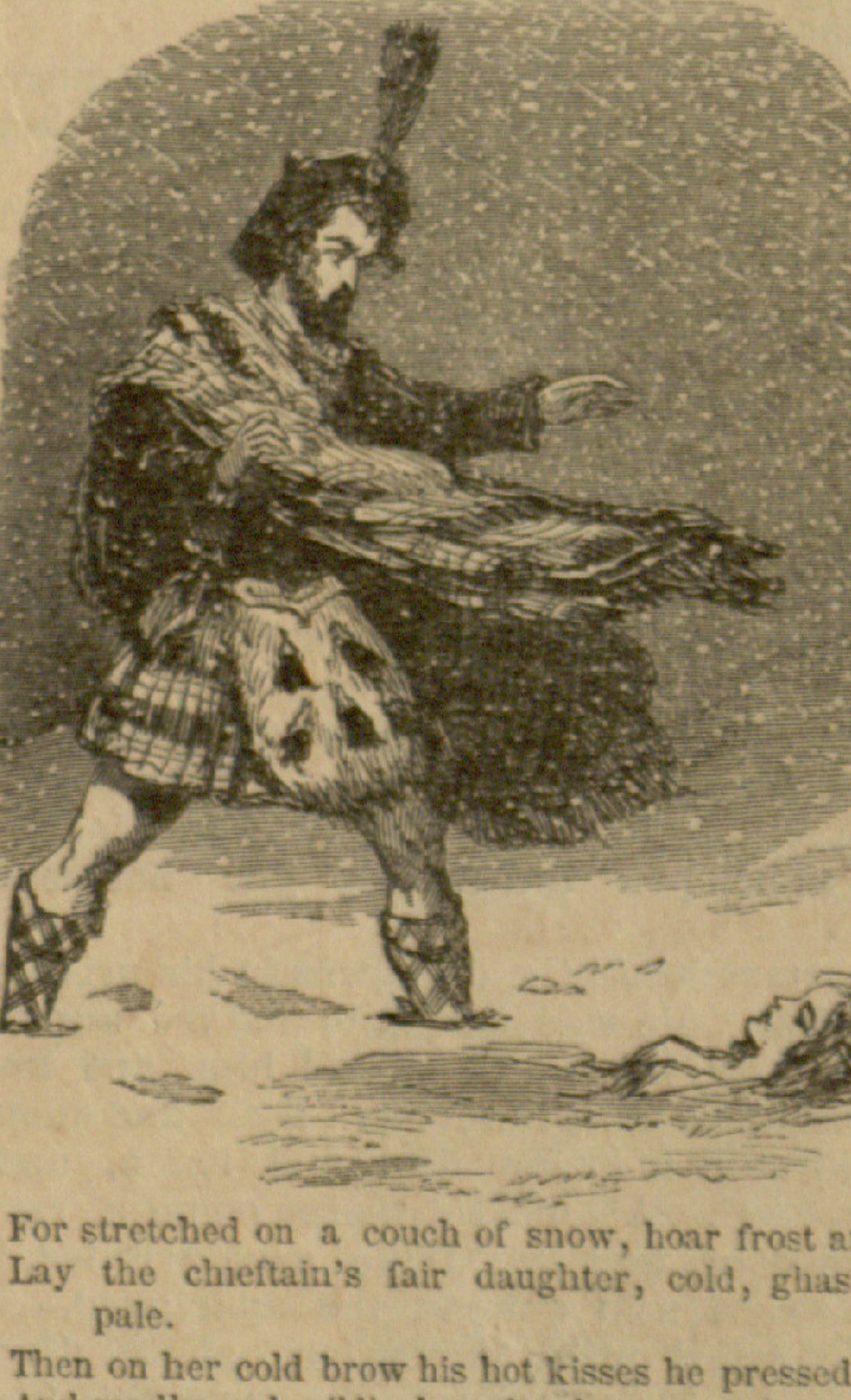
"My daughter! my daughter!" then rose his wild cry,
But the pibroch's shrill whistle alone gave reply.
"Thou never shalt leave me, nay, more will I say,
Clan Lennox is freed at the dawn of the day."

And the night-shades were gathering round thick and fast,
As a "tale that is told," the fair sunlight had passed;
And the hailstones and snow-flakes flew fast through the air,
As a winding-sheet white for the corpse of the fair.

"My daughter! my daughter!" the winds hollow moan
To the call of the chieftain made answer alone;
"Bless my sight but once more and Clan Lennox shall live,
And thy hand on the morrow to him I will give."

But vain was the call—the night echo alone
Replied to the chieftain with answering tone;
And the howl of the tempest enveloped him round,
While the fall of the snow-flakes had covered the ground.

Now wandered he wildly till near to the shore,
Still stood the brave heart that high bounded before,



For stretched on a couch of snow, hoar frost and hail,
Lay the chieftain's fair daughter, cold, ghastly and pale.
Then on her cold brow his hot kisses he pressed,
And madly and wildly her clay he caressed,
And franticly prayed her to smile as before,
But the lips of the maiden would never smile more.

[From the N.Y. Examiner (of March 10,) edited by Rev. Dr. Bright.]

MILLIONS OF VOICES.

"The New York Sabbath Committee mention in their report that they have received and filed at their office, during the past year, copies of newspaper articles in behalf of the Sabbath, prompted by their agency, of which an aggregate of over *fifteen million impressions* are known to have been circulated among the people of this country, ten millions being in secular journals. If their labors had accomplished nothing else but this, the Committee and their devoted Secretary would undoubtedly feel that they had realized a rich reward for a year's exertions.

"Mr. Bonner, of the *Ledger*, whose fortunate star seems to command every order of auxiliaries, receives from the Committee the following tribute, which he may well be proud of:

> "Exceedingly timely and valuable aid has been rendered from the outset by the editorial and other columns of a weekly journal, having a circulation of more than 300,000—all the more valuable that its sound principles on this question are enforced by the consistent example of the enterprising proprietor of the *Ledger*, who uniformly arrests the motion of his presses, after twenty-three hours of work each laboring day, that they and their human attendants may have their Sabbath—and the whole of it."

THERE is nothing purer than honesty—nothing sweeter than charity—nothing warmer than love—nothing richer than wisdom—nothing brighter than virtue—and nothing more steadfast than faith.

IN THE MEADOW.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Sitting on a clover-bank,
Pretty, simple, little Jessie
Dreams of wealth, and splendid rank ;
Maple shadows, cool and tressy,
Keep the young maid from the sun,
Sitting, when her work is done,
On a breezy bank of clover,
Dreaming of her high-born lover ;
Down yon woodland alley dim,
You may catch a glimse of him,
Lincoln coat, and scarlet plume,
Gay beside the laurel's gloom ;
Up and down he paces slow,
Waiting for the light to go—
Waiting, in the laurel shade,
For the twilight—and the maid.

On the bank of purple clover,
Still she lingers, dreaming over
All the sayings of her lover—
“Thou shalt be a lady fine,
In a palace by the sea,
And thy velvet robes shall shine
With the gems I give to thee.
Thou shalt have a silver lute,
And a sweet-voiced bird to sing—
Golden salvers of rare fruit
Lovely youths to thee shall bring.”
So she dreams on, saying over—
“I am happy—I am blest—”
Till the sun dips in the sea,
And the moon rains all her light
Westward—swimming goldenly.
“I am happy ! I am blest !
Stars and vapors sweep the sky,
They are dimmer than his eye,
They are paler than his crest ;
I for love of him would die—
And he loves me—it is best !”

Dream on, pretty, artless maiden,
Sing thy heart out joyance-laden ;
Sing thy bliss out to the stars,
Watching thro' night's golden bars,
(Lattice of an olden date,)
Sing thy soul out—sorrows wait !
Willows of the world will keep
Sunshine from thee, by-and-by ;
All forlorn thy love shall weep,
“Falsely ! falsely !” Thou wilt die ;
But, a lady all in white,
With a hungry look of woe
In her eyes, thy ghost shall go,
Trailing burial garments slow,
Up and down the haunted chambers
Of that palace by the sea—
Vexing his unblessed sleep,
With the broken vows of yore,
Thou shalt walk for evermore !

* * *

THE GUNMAKER OF MOSCOW;

OR,

VALDIMIR THE MONK.

A TALE OF

THE EMPIRE UNDER PETER THE GREAT.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MASK FALLS LOWER DOWN, AND REVEALS THE HEART.

It was early evening ere Zenobie entered the apartment of her young mistress. As she opened the door she found all dark within. She moved into the room, and shading her candle with her hand she gazed about. The wind still howled fearfully without, and the snow came driving against the windows. When the girl had reached the extremity of the place she called her mistress's name, and she was answered by a low groan from the couch in the corner. Thither she hastened, and there she found her mistress.

“Rosalind!—My mistress!” she cried, kneeling down.

“Who is it?” the maiden asked, starting up, and gazing frantically around.

“It is me—Zenobie. Say, my dear, good mistress—what is it? What is the matter? What has happened?”

With a quick movement Rosalind put her attendant away and sat up; and having gazed about her for some moments she murmured—

“Where am I? who is here?”

“It is I. You are in your own chamber. Come,—you are cold here.”

Without resistance the maiden suffered herself to be led to the place where the heated air came up from the furnace below, and there she sat down.

“What is it?” again asked Zenobie, eagerly. “What has happened?”

Rosalind bowed her head upon her hands, and after some moments of thought she looked up. She was very pale, and a fearful tremor shook her frame.

“Zenobie,” she uttered, in a low, strange whisper. “Ask me no more now. I am not well. Oh! ask me no more now.”

“My mistress,” returned the faithful girl placing one arm about Rosalind's neck, “you know what you may tell me, and what you may not; but whom will you trust if you trust not me? Oh! give me your love, and if I can serve you let me do so.”

“I would trust you with life itself,” the maiden replied; “and sometime you shall know all that has happened here; but not now—not now. Oh! I cannot speak it now.”

“Say no more, my mistress; only let me serve you. You will have some refreshment—something to eat.”

“You may bring me some wine, Zenobie.”

And thereupon the young girl hastened away.

In the meantime the duke was in his private room below. He was pacing to and fro across the floor with his hands behind him, and his brow was dark and lowering. Ever and anon he would stop near the door and listen, and then proceed. At length there came a rap upon the door, and the Duke said, “Enter.” It was a priest who entered the apartment—a small, deformed man, somewhere about fifty years of age. His face was very dark; his features sharp and angular; his eyes dark, and sunken deep into his head; his brow heavy above the eyes, where the shaggy brows hung over, but sloping back from thence, leaving the points where phrenologists locate Benevolence and Veneration deficient and flat. Upon his shoulder he wore a huge, ungainly hump; and, all in all, he was just such a man as a timid person would shun. His name was Savotano. The Duke had been the means of getting him into the church, and in consideration thereof he had bound himself to do the Duke's evil work. But this was not all.

Some years before there had been a murder in Moscow, and Savotano did the bloody deed. It was a work of pure vengeance. Olga had him apprehended; but he was not brought to justice. The Duke found him to be a shrewd, unscrupulous wretch, willing to serve those who would pay him well, and ready to let himself then to any one who could save his life. Olga was a man of plots and schemes. He fancied that such a man as Savotano might be of use to him; so he proposed to save the wretch if he would serve *him*. The villain was glad enough to accept the proposition, and the bargain was made. Could Savotano enter the church, and assume the sacred garb, he might in many cases work to better advantage. The wretch readily agreed to this, too; and through Olga's powerful influence he gained a place in the church. He knew that the Duke held his very life, and he failed not to serve him. His clerical robes shielded him from suspicion; and, moreover, the place gave him additional advantages to work at his diabolical trade. His salary from government was sufficient for his support, while an occasional sum from his master enabled him to enjoy many of those luxuries which were denied to most of his brethren. Olga feared not to trust this man, for the fellow had nothing to gain by betrayal, but everything to lose.

And such was the man who now entered the Duke's private room. He entered with a bold air, for though he was somewhat in the Duke's power, yet there was a peculiar satisfaction in knowing that when he fell the noble lord must fall with him, part way, at least. Brethren in crime cannot count much upon respect.

“I have come, my lord,” the priest said, as he shook the snow from his robe, and then took a seat by the furnace-pipe.

“And how is the Count?” asked Olga.

“He is recovering, I am sure.”

“Does Kopani say so?”

“Yes. He says he will have him out within a month.”

“By heavens, Savotano, this must not be.”

“But tell me, my lord, what is the particular need of the Count's departing?”

The Duke gazed his visitor a few moments in the face, and then he said,—

“Why, since the affair interests you, I'll tell you. Thus far I have paid you promptly all your dues, but I cannot do so much longer unless we can make some of our points work. My property is on the decrease fast. I have not enough left to live on. Within the past three years I have made some bad ventures. I put into——But never mind,—suffice it for me to say that I am at the end of my fortune.”——

——The Duke was about to say that he had placed large sums in the hands of the Minister Galitzin for the purpose of carrying out the conspiracy by which the Princess Sophia was to have been placed upon the throne, with Galitzin for her prime minister, and himself also high in power. He chose not to tell of this—and no wonder, for heads had ere then been taken to pay for such indiscretions.

——“And now if this Count survives I thus have one source cut off. My half of Drotzen is used up and mortgaged to him, but if he dies the whole comes to me. His father and myself married sisters, and they owned Drotzen, and on his side the Count is the only heir; so in the event of his death the whole comes to me. You understand this now.”

“Perfectly,” returned the priest. “And 'tis a pity your first effort did not succeed.”

“So it is,” said the Duke, uneasily. “When I sent him with that message to the gunmaker I felt sure he would be slain, and then I hoped that the other could be disposed of for having slain him. But the Emperor has turned all my plans upside down, for the present, at least. Savotano, you must have a hand in Damonoff's medicine!”

“That is easily done, my lord,” replied the priest, quietly.

“You have free access there?”

“Yes.”

“And can you not watch with him some night?”

“I think I can.”

“Then do so. When he is dead two hundred ducats are yours.”

“Then he dies!”

“Good!——And now there is one more. This gunmaker must be got out of the way.”

“Ah,” uttered Savotano, looking up incredulously. “Do you mean so?”

“Most assuredly I do.”

“But why him?”

“Do you fear to undertake the work?”

“Not at all, my lord; I only wished to know why he was wanted out of the away.”

“The reason is simpie. I must marry with Rosalind Valdai. Her property is worth the whole of Drotzen twice told—over two million of ducats.”

“So much?” uttered the priest, opening his eyes with greedy wonder.

“Yes,—it is one of the finest estates in Moscow, and it pays her now a yearly income of a hundred thousand ducats. She does not know it.—Ha, ha, ha,——”

“Ha, ha, ha,” laughed the priest in concert. “She don't, eh?”

“No—she knows nothing about it. But I must secure this; and in order to do it I must marry her; and—if I would be *sure* of that this accursed gunmaker must be out of the way.”

“But what is he to her?”

“She loves him.”

“And is not your authority——”

“Hold, Savotano. I'll explain to you in a few words. I'm afraid the Emperor has taken a fancy to this youngster, and if he has he may be appealed to in this case. The girl will take marriage hard. I shall have to hire you to perform the ceremony.”

“Which I should be pleased to do,” returned the priest, with a coarse smile.

“You shall have the opportunity. But first we must have this young Nevel taken care of.”

“I think I can manage that, my lord.”

“And how will you do it?”

“I suppose you don't want him put where he can get off and come back here.”

“No. Finish him while you are about it!”

“I will.”

“But mind: It must be done so that in no possible way suspicion can fall upon me. You must contrive some way so that suspicion shall be led at once to some apparent point, and there baffled.”

“Leave me alone for that, my lord. I can call help if I want it.”

“Are there not places in the city where a body can be hidden?—where they may be so disposed of as never to be found?” asked the Duke, as the thought came to his mind.

“Never mind,” returned the other, with a confident nod of the head. “If I meddle with the matter it shall be well done.”

“Very well. I'll trust it with you.”

For a few moments after this there was a dead silence, during which only the moaning of the wind could be heard. But at length the Duke started up, and with sudden energy he said,—

“Ah, Savotano, there is one thing I came nigh forgetting. You have heard of this strange monk—Valdimir his name is.”

“Aye—and I have seen him, too. You mean that huge lump of human fat?”

“Yes. And now tell me who and what he is. He was at the duel: and I know he has been here to my house. Who is he?”

“You've secured me there, my lord, for I can tell you no more about him than I can about the man in the moon. In short no one seems to know him, save that he is a monk, of some Roman order, and named Valdimir. He has been here only a few months, as near as I can find out. And yet I think I know what his business is; or, at least, why he's here.”

“Ah—you suspect.”

“Yes—and if my suspicions be correct we could have him taken care of at any moment.”

“Explain.”

“Why—I think he is a spy of the Pope—sent here from Rome to learn something of our Emperor's plans.”

“But he has not visited the imperial palace.”

“O, yes, my lord. He has been there several times; and once the Emperor himself was obliged to send him out of the audience chamber.”

“But have you any particular reasons for thinking him a spy from the Pope?”

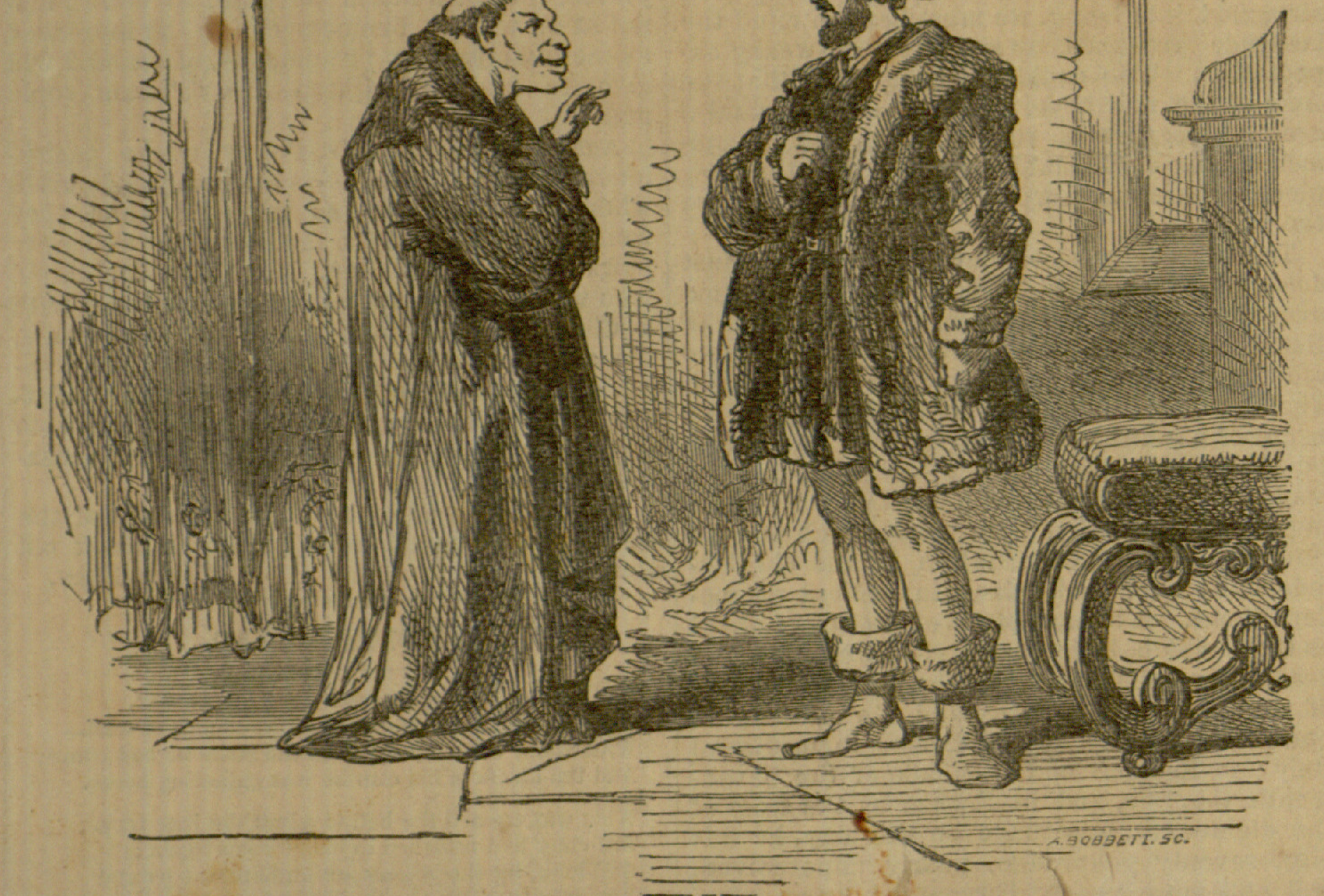
“Why—he is a Romish monk; and he hangs about the most important places in our city. Even the circumstance I have just related—his trying to remain in the audience chamber while private business was going on, and having to be ordered out by [illegible]or, is some ground for suspicion. I [illegible] watch him, at all events.”

“That's right,” [illegible]ned the Duke. And then, after a moment's thought, he added,—“I do not see why he should be around after every petty duel that may be fought, if he is a spy from Rome. And besides, I have heard one or two persons say that they were sure they had seen him before.”

“O, that may be only the result of some strong resemblance which he bears to some one else. I am sure he was never here before—not in Moscow.”

Again the hump-backed priest was cautioned about the work he had in hand, and having promised over and over again to be very careful, he took his leave.

And Olga, Duke of Tula, was left alone with his own thoughts. Better for him had that wicked priest been his executioner! Better for him had he been upon the Count's bed, racked with dying pains! Better for him had he been a poor gunmaker, so he had been honest! Oh! better for him had he been the meanest beggar that walked the earth, than what he was! But he did not realize this. He had a goal ahead, and he tried to overlook the black, dreadful gulf that yawned between him and it!


A. BOBBETT. SC.

CHAPTER X.

A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

The news went out that the Count Conrad Damonoff must die. A few days before, the best surgeon in Moscow said he would recover; but now that same surgeon said he must fall. A strange change had come over him; it was not a fever, but rather a consuming of vitality. He was failing fast, and no art of medicine could revive him. Some thought he must be bleeding inwardly, but others knew better than this, because in that case there would be some outward symptom. The wound itself was healing, but the disease was not. The physician and the priest were now in daily, and the former in almost hourly attendance. The surgeon was Kopani, and the priest was the hump-backed Savotano!

Thus lay the Count upon his bed, weak and faint, but at present almost free from pain, and an old woman was his only attendant, the priest having just left. It was just after noon. The dying man had just taken a powerful stimulating draught, though it was against the injunctions of the priest, as he said that by such means the invalid might die bereft of sense, and thus lose his hold upon salvation,—he had just taken this draught when there was a low rap upon the door. The woman arose to answer the summons. She conversed a few moments with the girl who had knocked, and when she returned to the bed she announced that Ruric Nevel wished to enter.

“Let him come in,” whispered the Count.

“But——”

“Never mind,” he interrupted, as the woman commenced thus to expostulate. “Let him come in. By heavens, if he is my enemy let me see him. It may serve to arouse me.”

So the woman went to the door again, and soon afterwards Ruric Nevel entered the apartment. He stept lightly, noiselessly, to the bedside, but it was some moments ere he could distinguish objects by the subdued light of the place. By and by, however, he overcame the difficulty, and he started back in horror as he beheld the features of his adversary. How pale and sunken! How deathlike and ghastly! The Count noticed the movement, and he noticed the look.

“Conrad Damonoff,” said the gunmaker, in a low, solemn tone, “a few days since I heard that you were recovering, and I thanked God. But to-day they told me you were dying, and I have come to ask that I may take your hand ere you pass away from earth. As God is my Maker and my Judge, I would rather lie down here and die for you than have you pass away with a curse of me upon your soul or on your lips. Forgive me for what I have done, and never again will I engage in such a wicked work. For my own life, it is my country's and my mother's, and I have no right to throw it away; and my antagonist's life is the sacred property of God, which I have no right to touch but in self-defence. Forgive me.”

Slowly and heavily moved the dying man over, and then he extended his thin and wasted hand.

“Ruric,” he said—and his voice was stronger now, for the potion was working—“I am glad you have come—very glad; for I have wished, above all else of earth, to see you. I could not send for you, for I knew not how you might come. I have been all wrong in the things that have passed betwixt thee and me. I was mad, and a fool. I blame you not; but rather do I thank you for your kindness through all this scene. Oh! I forgive you with all my heart; and now tell me that I am forgiven!”

“Forgiven?” repeated Ruric, with a trembling lip, still holding the Count's hand within both his own. “Oh! would to God I could call you back to life! Forgiven? Oh! God, who reads all hearts, knows how humble, how sacred is my forgiveness to you! Could I call you back—could I wipe out the past from my memory, I could die content.”

“Enough,” returned the Count, warmly. “This was my dearest wish, though pride has kept back its utterance. Oh! I feared you would gloat over my death—that you would be glad when I was gone.”

“No, no,—I should have been a monster then.”

“There are many such. And yet I wronged you by the thought. But I could not help it.”

A moment more passed in silence, and then the invalid resumed—

“There is one reason why I should like to live; I should be prepared for a better life. Since death has come—since I have known that he stood waiting by my bed—I have wondered at the evil life I have led; and I have thought that if the dark King would let me remain here a few years more I could be a better man. But 'tis too late now. The die is cast. Yet I have some joy in this. You have shed a happy light upon my dying hour. God bless you.”

Ruric's feelings were easily moved, and there was something in the deep solemnity of this occasion that started his heart to a tender mood; and the last words of the dying man overflowed the cup. He bowed his head, and covering his eyes with one hand, while he held in the other the hand of Conrad, he wept freely and silently.

At this moment the woman arose and left the room.

“She's gone,” said the Count, after he had recovered somewhat from the deep emotions which had been stirred within his own soul. “Sit down here beside me.”

Ruric obeyed the request, and after he had seated himself he gazed sadly into the sick man's face.

“Say, Ruric,” the Count asked, while an eager look overspread his face, “was't true what Kopani told me: that you overcame Demetrius the Greek with the sword?”

“I did,” the youth replied, in a whisper.

“But you did not disarm him?—you did not fairly take his sword from him?”

“I did, Conrad.”

“My soul, is it possible? And where have you been all your life?”

“In Moscow, and in Spain.”

“And yet obscure.”

“Never mind that now,” interposed Ruric. “I have something of more interest. Do you——But you will pardon me for what I may say, for I assure you I mean it all for your good.”

“Speak on,” said Conrad, at the same time running his eyes almost enviously over the gunmaker's nobly-developed breast and shoulders.

“Then, first—I have just come from the lady Rosalind.——Ah—I meant not——”

“Go on. I may have felt a pang at the mention of that name, but I know she loves you, and were I strong at this moment as ever I'd relinquish all claims of her to you. So fear not.”

“Thank you, Count, for this.——But I was remarking; I am not long from her presence, and between us both we have suspected some dark things. Do you think the Duke was really your friend?”

The Count started, and a strange gleam shot from his eyes.

“Go on,” he uttered.

“Then listen: Before you ever came to my shop the Duke had most solemnly promised Rosalind that she should receive no more trouble from you—that you would claim her hand no more.”

“Do you know this?”

“I do.”

“But it cannot be. Why should he have sent me on that mission to you?”

“I had taught one of his officers the sword exercise, and he knew I was your superior in strength, and use of the weapon.”

“Well—go on!” whispered the Count, nervously and anxiously.

“Why—he thought very likely that we should not meet on such a question without a quarrel. He knew your natural impetuosity, and my strength of arm, and he hoped you——would fall.”

“But——Go on!”

“His estate is running out, and he wants the whole of Drotzen!”

“Ah! I see it now!”

“The Duke has proposed himself for Rosalind's hand,” resumed Ruric. “He says he has loved her long; and he will force her to wed him if he can, though it break her heart!”

“Ha!” gasped the Count, fairly starting up to a sitting posture, “how blind I have been! By my soul, he never was cordial—never kind.”

Ruric gently laid the sick man back, and then he said,—

“From all I can see and understand, the proud Duke meant to get all your wealth and all of Rosalind's.”

The Count spoke not yet. He lay with his eyes closed, and groaned in the agony of the strange revelations that were breaking in upon him.

But see! Why starts Ruric so suddenly?—and why does he turn so pale? Why do his hands tremble?—and why is his brow bent so eagerly?

“What is it?” asked the Count, startled by the strange event.

“Hold!” whispered Ruric, in a frantic tone. “You were recovering once?”

“From this wound?”

“Yes”

“Yes. I was getting well fast, and the doctor said I should be stout and well in a month. But suddenly this change came on. Let's see—On Friday morning I felt the first relapse.”

“The very time!” gasped Ruric to himself.

The Count moved his head forward, and would have caught his companion by the hand if he could. “For mercy's sake, Ruric, what is it?”

“As I came this way I saw a hump-backed priest pass out from this house?” said the gunmaker, interrogatively.

“Yes—yes,” returned the Count, speaking shortly and quickly. “It was Savotano. He has attended me. The Duke recommended him.”

“And was he here Thursday night?”

“Thursday?—Ah—yes—he watched with me that night.”

“And has he been in attendance since?”

“Yes—every day. But why do you ask? Say—what is that meaning upon your face? What is it?”

At this moment the door of the apartment was quietly, noiselessly opened, and Kopani, the surgeon, entered the place.

“Ha!” cried Ruric, starting towards him, and grasping him by the arm, “your patient is poisoned! A deadly poison has been given him, and it is even now eating his life away!”

“Impossible!” gasped the surgeon, straining his eyes to see plainly who it was that spoke to him. “Ah,” he uttered, as he became somewhat used to the gloom of the apartment, “is it you, sir?”

“Aye—but mind not that now. Cannot you do something for the Count? He has been poisoned!”

“It cannot be!”

“I am! I am!” cried Conrad Damonoff, starting up to a sitting posture, “he speaks the truth! That accursed priest!—Oh! Olga! Olga! I never dreamed that thou wast mine enemy!”

“But what is it all?” the surgeon asked, gazing first upon Ruric, and then upon the Count. “Speak, some one.”

“Tell him,” groaned Conrad.

“Listen,” said the gunmaker. “I have my suspicions, but mind you, they are founded on facts, and the facts are these: The Duke of Tula is well nigh free from the possession of property. His half of Drotzen is all mortgaged, and he wants the other half. That other half he cannot have while Damonoff lives. The Duke, too, has sworn that Rosalind Valdai shall be his wife—so he would have her property, also. This hump-backed priest is Olga's special tool. It was Olga got him into the church, and it was Olga who freed him more than once from deserved punishment. Last Thursday evening he was with the Duke in private council, and he came from thence directly to this place. Now you can judge for yourself.”

The surgeon started slightly, and then he bowed his head. A few moments he remained thus, and then he leaped up and clasped his hands.

“You are right,” he cried, “it is! it is! There is no burning up, as I thought, of icy, wintry fire; but the hellish work is from a human hand! Hold!—I know the symptoms. I know them now. Be quiet, Conrad. It may not yet be too late.”

As the surgeon spoke he hastily opened a small leathern case he carried with him, and from thence he took a powerful emetic. The woman was sent for, and when she came she obtained warm water. The potion was given—a small quantity at a time—at intervals of about five minutes, until the desired effect was produced. A strange mass of stuff was thrown up, and Kopani took it to the light and examined it. Most of it was of dark, brownish color, but with streaks of yellow, and coarse blotches of red and green. The yellow substance was of a mucous formation, while the red and green seemed to be more liquid.

“'Tis poison!” the surgeon said; “and it has been administered in small quantities.”

“And cannot something be done?” asked Ruric, eagerly. “Oh! save him if you can! save him, and I'll bless you ever. You can—oh! say you can!”

The surgeon caught the youth by the hand. There was something in this noble spirit that moved him—and he knew now that all must have been forgiven between the two men.

“I'll try,” he said, “I have antidotes with me. By heavens, all is not lost yet.”

“Then hasten,” urged Ruric, half crazed beneath the might of the strange discovery, which he had thus helped to make.

“Be not uneasy. I will see that he suffe not for want of human skill.” And as the surgeon thus spoke he moved to the side-board and fixed on an antidote; but he did not give it until the invalid had vomited all he could.

“Hold!” cried Ruric, as the surgeon took up the wine-bottle to mix the antidote with. “Touch not a thing here. Perhaps the villain has poisoned them all!”

“So it may be,” Kopani said, setting down the bottle. He then turned to the woman, who had remained standing by the fire like one in a trance, and asked her to bring a fresh bottle of wine. She quickly obeyed, and when she was gone Kopani took all the articles upon the table and set them on one side. He would not throw them away, for he meant to analyse them.

When the woman returned Kopani mixed the new potion, and administered it, and ere long afterwards the Count fell asleep.

“Ruric Nevel,” said the surgeon, as soon as he was sure the invalid would sleep, “will you remain here awhile. I wish to go and analyse some of these things. I have only to go to the Academy. I will be back in an hour at the furthest.”

The gunmaker gladly consented to this; and having gathered up the phials and the wine-bottle, and concealed them beneath his pelisse, the surgeon left.

Ruric Nevel was happier now, for hope was with him while he prayed that God might spare the unfortunate Count.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

* * *

LABOR.

Labor is life ! 'Tis the still water faileth ;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth ;
Keep the watch wound, or the dark rust assaileth !

* * *

VULGARITY.

We would guard the young against the use of every word that is not perfectly proper. Use no profane expression—allude to no sentence that would put to blush the most sensitive. You know not the tendency of habitually using indecent and profane language. It may never be obliterated from your hearts. When you grow up you will find at your tongue's end some expression you would not use for any money. By being careful, you will save yourself a great deal of mortification and sorrow. Good men have been taken sick, and become delirious. In these moments they have used the most vile and indecent language imaginable. When informed of it, after a restoration of health, they had no idea of the pain they had given their friends, and stated that they had learned and repeated the expressions in childhood, and though years had passed since they had spoken a bad word, the early impression had been indelibly stamped upon the heart. Think of this, ye who are tempted to use improper language, and never disgrace yourselves.

* * *

ENDURE HARDSHIP.

As a gladiator trained the body so must we train the mind to self-sacrifice, “to endure all things,” to meet and overcome difficulty and danger. We must take the rough and thorny roads as well as the smooth and pleasent; and a portion at least of our daily duty must be hard and disagreeable; for the mind cannot be kept strong and healthy in perpetual sunshine only, and the most dangerous of all states is that of constantly recurring pleasure, ease, and prosperity. Most persons will find difficulties and hardships enough without seeking them; let them not repine, but take them as a part of that educational discipline necessary to fit the mind to arrive at its highest good.

* * *

THE soul never assents to sin, and weeps with the angels when the form in which it dwells violates the sacred obligations thus imposed upon it.

AN OLD MAN'S DARLING.

BY PHŒBE CARY.

So I'm "crazy," in loving a man of threescore,
Why, I never had come to my senses before;
But I'm doubtful of yours, if you're hoping to prove
Your cause, with no evidence better than love.

You would like to know what are his wonderful wiles
Only delicate praises, and flattering smiles;
'Tis no spell of enchantment, no magical art,
But the way he says, "darling," that goes to my heart.

Yes, "he's sixty," I cannot dispute with you there
But you'd make him a hundred, I know, if you dare;
And I'm glad all his folly of first love is past
Since I'm sure of the two I would rather be last.

"His hair is as white as the snow-drift," you say
Then I never shall see it change slowly to gray;
But I almost could wish, for his dear sake alone,
That my tresses were nearer the hue of his own.

"He can't see;" then I'll help him, to see and to hear,
If it's needful, you know, I can sit very near;
And he's young enough yet to interpret the tone
Of a heart that is beating up close to his own.

I "must aid him," ah! that is my pleasure and pride
I should love him for that, if for nothing beside;
For though I've more reasons than I can recall,
Yet the one, that he needs me, is stronger than all.

So if I'm insane, you must own, I am sure,
That the case is so hopeless, it's past any cure;
And besides, you are acting no very wise part,
Since you're treating the head, for disease of the heart.

And if anything could make a woman believe,
That no dream can delude, and no romance deceive,
That she never knew lover's enchantment before,
It's being the darling of one of threescore.

* * *

THE BEE-HUNTER.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

Bee-hunting, or rather the gathering of wild honey, is followed as a distinct business in many parts of the Southwest, where the forests and prairies are gay with fragrant wild flowers and blossoming trees, rich in the luscious juices those industrious little insects love to store away in hollows of trees and the rocky chambers of unapproachable cliffs.

The hunter, provided with a quantity of honey, a portion of some former prize, starts out into some rarely frequented part of the country, where he may have observed bees at work; and spreading his honey as a *bait* upon pieces of bark, awaits the approach of the insects, attracted by the tempting odor. After a few moments, perhaps, a single one makes his appearance; then others arrive; and after a little while numbers are gathered to the treacherous feast, and fill their tiny membraneous bottles with the delicious nectar.

The hunter now selects one of the provident little fellows, and keeping his eye upon him, watches all his motions. At first, after stowing away his bottleful, the bee begins to plume his wings for his return to the mother hive; then rises vertically above the spot, to the hight of fifteen or twenty feet, when after a few times describing circles, gradually increasing in diameter, he darts off rapidly in what the hunter terms a *bee-line*, directly towards his home.

With compass in hand, the hunter makes a note of the direction; and then turns to watch in like manner the other bees, as they take their respective lines; for there may have been attracted to the bait individuals of several distinct communities, and he has thus obtained the bearings of several hives.

He now *blazes* the surrounding trees, and drives a stake—making this the initial point, or point of departure for his future lines of observation. Selecting one of these lines, he follows it through woods and prairies; through swamps and marshes, and over hills; till at length, perhaps after miles of travel, he finds the tree, or cliff, that contains the little republic, of which his *liner* is a worthy member. He now examines the spot closely, to ascertain if any more fortunate discoverer had preceded him; if not, he proceeds to put his mark, or *brand*, upon the spot. If a tree he *blazes* it, and rudely cuts upon its bark his peculiar brand, or the initials of his name. This secures it to his own especial use and benefit, as sacredly as it would be under lock at his own house. No other hunter would think of questioning his prior right to the honey it contained. He now returns to the starting point, and *runs* another *line*. This time perhaps to find it already in possession of some more lucky individual. Thus the hunter continues for several days, till he has run up all his lines, and branding the deposits as his own, awaits the proper season for removing the honey to his home, or to the nearest market, where it always commands a ready sale.

While a resident of the State of Louisiana, some years since, I chanced to become acquainted with a number of these bee-hunters. They were mostly eccentric, but honest men, who, though not much troubled with 'book larning,' possessed a large fund of experience, and forest lore; and could readily direct the sportsman to the favorite roosts of the wild turkies, and the best fishing holes on the bayous. Among these men, Joe Taylor, an old Western Virginian, was the most noted in the parish. He appeared also to be the most successful in his peculiar craft, as he had an art, which he kept a secret, of taking his honey from its deposits without disturbing its mathematical arrangement, or breaking the cells containing the luscious store; and, as a matter of course, his staple had a widespread reputation, and always brought the largest prices.

But Joe had one peculiarity which I had never seen before, but which, I have since learned, is frequently met with among the mountain men of his native State. He was rarely courteous to strangers, until he discovered that they were members of that great fraternity somewhat extensively known as "*The First Families of Virginia*," which I believe include every individual who has been so extremely fortunate as to have been "raised" within the boundaries of that incomparable State.

To all these Joe was remarkably condescending and familiar. But the old man had a singular criterion by which he judged of a man's birth-place and parentage; this was no other than the *horse* that he rode; for Joe averred that none but F. F. V.'s were properly mounted, on genuine blooded stock. Now it happened that I was the fortunate owner of a very fine "Bertrand," a scion of one of the first (horse) families of that renowned "mother of statesmen," and from the first moment we met, the bee-hunter became my fast friend. Many a pleasant time have I had with old Joe Taylor in the deep woods, or among the tangled canebrakes that margin the sluggish streams of the cotton and sugar growing State. On these occasions, after the camp fire had been kindled, and we had disposed of a supper which kings might envy, the old hunter would revert to scenes and incidents of his younger days among the hills of his native State. One of these incidents I will relate.

We had been very successful one day—I, in bagging a good string of mallards and wild turkies, and the old man in lining several rich deposits of honey; and, as after supper, he was in unusual good humor, I drew him out.

"Uncle Joe," said I, "how long have you been following this business?"

"Oh," he answered, "I reckon nigh on to fifty years, off and on, man and boy; for I used to go out into the hills with my father, when I was a youngster only so high. Since then, Doc., I reckon I've taken enough of the sweet stuff to sink the biggest steamboat that ever snorted on the Marsissippy. I believe I have told you before that I was raised in old Scott county, on the Clinch, and a mighty nice county it is, too, though at that time twasn't very thickly settled, nor is it yet for that matter. Howsomever, it's a nice county—particularly for them that likes to live where there's pleanty of hills and pure water.

"The old man larnt me the business as well as he knew it himself. All I lacked was his experience. I reckon I wasn't more'n fourteen or so, when I used to bring home about as much honey as he did, and there was a power of it in the mountains in them days. When I didn't go out with the old man, I used to take a black boy, about my own age, named Rube, along with me. Rube would tote the empty pails and bait pan, and I'd tote the old double-barrel and ammunition—for you see we had to shoot our own grub. Sometimes we'd be gone a week at a time; and the old folks never troubled their brains about us, so that when we did come home we had our pails full.

"Well, one day Rube and I had been out baiting on the river bank, and we found that all our lines ran up the creek towards the Tunnel. You've been in Scott county, I believe, Doc.? No!—well, then, you must have *heard* of the '*Natural Tunnel*,' for a power of people used to come from the other side (of the mountain) to see it. It's a great hole cut clean through the solid limestone rock by the water of the creek, some distance above its mouth, for it empties into the Clinch. It's about eighty feet high; and I reckon it's one of the wildest spots in all the Allegany range. The cliff above the Tunnel is about three hundred feet or more, and as the water rushes down through it, it makes your hair stand on end to look upon it from the top of the cliff. I tell you, Doc., what's the use of living down here among these miserable swamps and bayous, when there's such a glorious old place among the hills of dear old Varjinny. Well, as I was saying, that day we lined the bees up the creek to a cliff a little below the Tunnel. It was some time before we could find the spot where they went to. That it was somewhere in the cliff I was certain, for there were no trees suitable. They were only cedars and hemlocks, and a few stunted sweet gums and scrub oaks—nothing that a honey-bee would be likely to hive in. But by and by, when I was searching all over the cliff on the north side of the creek, Rube yelled out like a painter—

"'Oh, Mass'r Joe, see thar!' and pointed right across the creek, up to the mouth of a little cavern about half way between the water and the top of the cliff, where a perfect stream of the little creeturs were passing out and in. 'Thar tis, young mass'r; dat ar hole up yonder is full of dem honey makers. I'll bet a hoss dar's mor'n five bar'ls ob sweetnin' in dat same cave!' And he began to lick his thick lips in anticipation of the big feast he might have if we was only there.

"'Yes, but, Rube,' I answered, 'it's all the same whether there's five or fifty barrels there; it's all the same to us, for we can never get up to it.'

"This view of the case hadn't appeared to little Wooley before; and he dropped his head and underlip at the same instant. But the next moment a bright idea seemed to have struck him, and raising his head, while his big eyes stuck strait out of his head at the happy thought—

"'But ole masser mout;—he can do every thing!'

"'Rube,' said I, straightening myself at least two inches above the boy's head—'I want you, sir, and everybody else, to know, that I allows no man to take my honey, or interfere with any bees of my lining. I tell you what;—if that hive's takable, *I'll have it*. But I can't see as yet, any possible way to get up to it."

"'Climb up to it, young mass'r,' suggested Rube.

"'Well,' said I, laughing at his simplicity, 'you may try it.'

"The cliff was tolerable easy to climb up to the first ledge, about thirty feet from the mouth of the cavern, from that point it was as smooth as a pine tree with the bark off;—and the boy made the attempt; but after reaching the ledge he turned towards me and shook his head,—as he hollered—

"'No;—mass'r Joe, you'r right—its umpossible.'

"By this time my ambition began to get excited, and I felt desirous to get up to the cavern. I might have gone home and got ropes,—and after a little reflection decided on sending Rube for them; but he was decidedly opposed to returning to the house without honey; and as we both shared in a kind of pride in reference to the manner in which we made our reappearance at the house,—I determined to try some other means.

"While looking about us,—Rube called my attention to a tall but slim young hemlock, which grew at the base of the tunnel.

"'Dar, mass'r Joe, dat ar tree'll make a fus rate ladder. Gib me de hatchet and I'll tote it over here, in jes' no time.'

"But after he had cut down the tree, and trimmed up the limbs, leaving a few inches of them to place our feet upon,—he found that he could not begin to tote it; and it was as much as both of us together could do to get it through the water and up to the top of the narrow ledge. That, Doc., was about the hardest lift I ever attempted; but finally we got it up;—and after a good deal of work stood it up against the side of the cliff.

"Yet, it was not long enough to reach the mouth of the cavern, by almost ten feet.

"'I can fix dat,' cried Rube, and off the little fellow started again, to the margin of the stream; and in a few minutes returned with another knotty tree about fifteen feet long, and an armfull of the inner bark of cedar.

"'Now mass'r Joe, we'll splice um;' and both of us going to work, in a little while we had rigged a good ladder, reaching to the coveted spot.

"We had now nothing to do, but to prepare for the ascent. So tucking our trowsers tightly into our boot legs, drawing on thick buckskin gloves, tying the sleeves of our jackets over our wrists, and fixing wide pieces of musquito netting over our hats, which covering our faces, was fastened closely to our necks,—we started. I told Rube I would go up first, and get a peep into the place; when he should follow with the pails.

"Well, when I got high enough to look in, I found a hole about ten feet deep, and near about as wide; and I declare to goodness, Doc., such a sight I never seed before in all my born days. The roof I couldn't see for the honey, which hung from it in masses of comb, as large as any door in the old court house, down yonder in Nacatosh. I speak the truth, when I tell you that there were more'n ten barrels of the finest, whitest, and cleanest honey—comb and all, that I ever set my eyes upon.

"'Hello, Rube!' I shouted, after I had recovered from my surprise. 'You can come up, boy; but its no use to bring your pails, they won't be any where, with the amount of honey that's here. Why, your five barrels aint a circumstance!'

"But before I had reached the interior, Rube, with the pails tied to his neck, clambered past me, and pitched head first into the cavern. There, surprised and overjoyed at the extraordinary sight that met his eyes,—he threw himself at full length upon the floor; and gazing upwards, a moment, at the great pendent masses of snow-white comb, while his big eyes stuck out, at least two inches from his head,—he went off into a violent fit of ecstacy,—and kicking up his heels, in the very agony of delight, he happened, unfortunately to strike one of the hanging masses of comb, which with its great weight of honey fell with a crushing weight upon the prostrate darkey, and nearly suffocated him with the sweet flood it poured over him.

"The bees now fully aroused by the strange sight and sounds that assailed them, began to swarm and roar about us at an awful rate; for as the hive had never swarmed since the day the colony was first formed, there were myriads of them. But for myself, I cared nothing for them, as I was completely protected from their attacks. Not so, however, with poor Rube, who in his furious expressions of astonishment and delight, had displaced a portion of his head covering; and the infuriated little insects, whose privacy we had so sadly disturbed, taking advantage of his weak point, pitched into him without mercy. Rube's tune was suddenly turned; and now yelling with pain he made the opposite cliffs echo again, with a far different sound than had awakened them an instant before.

"After a little while, notwithstanding the fellow's struggles and infernal yells, I managed to brush the fierce little assailants off with my gloved hands, and re-fastened the netting to its place. But it was some minutes before he could be convinced that he had not really been 'done killed'—or could stop his cries long enough to hear my words.

"After he had somewhat recovered his senses, I directed him to stir himself, and assist me in filling the pails with a portion of what he had kicked down in his tantrums, and in a few minutes we had gathered up the four pails full; and there were yet quarts of pure honey, which had poured over Rube and the floor of the cavern. Alas! for poor Rube,—his last moments were literally the *sweetest* of his life; for he was covered from head to foot with the contents of the comb he had kicked down upon himself.

"After our pails were filled, Rube started with one to the mouth of the cavern, to descend our hastily constructed ladder. But I was fearful that the extra weight of the honey would prove too much for it, and ordered him to descend without it, and bring some strips of bark,—by which to lower the vessels to the ledge;—but before I could stop him, he had reached the topmost tree, and begun its descent.

"As I feared, the weight of the boy, with the added weight of the honey was too great for the slight lashing of bark. I saw the frail connections stretch, as the tree leaned to one side, in the direction of the greatest weight; and the elastic lashing, once loosened, sprung away from its place. Gradually, at first, the tree slipped upon the smooth surface of the rock, and then poor Rube, still clinging to the treacherous ladder, cast one last, agonized, farewell glance upwards to where I, unable to afford him the least assistance, was gazing motionlessly upon him; and then uttering a wild, fearful shriek of concentrated terror, that was repeated by the startled echoes of the cliffs, was dashed down, down, first upon the narrow ledge, where had rested the foot of the hemlock, then over the broken rocks, down to the water's edge, where it lay, a lifeless, formless mass of jelly. I gazed but an instant upon the awful spectacle, and then I felt a strange sickness come over me; the cavern reeled round and round with me; a rushing sound was in my ears, and all became dark and silent. I had fainted.

"How long I remained insensible I cannot say; it must have been some hours, however, for when I came to consciousness, and realized by my surroundings that the past events were no dream, I discovered that twilight was stealing over the wild scene. But still below me, at the base of the cliff, I could distinguish the outlines of the shapeless mass of what had been, but a few hours before, my happy, reckless, rollicking playmate; and long after the darkness of night had settled down into the deep ravine, I could still mark it, by its contrast with the white foam of the waters, as they rushed past it, over their rocky bed.

"Now, for the first time—so completely terrified and engrossed had I been by the fearful tragedy—I began to think of my own situation, and bethought me of the lower portion of our ladder. I gazed down into the obscurity, but the hemlock was not visible, and when my eyes became in a measure accustomed to the darkness, I could perceive it at the margin of the stream. I was a prisoner up there in the heart of the cliff, with more than thirty feet between me and the first spot where a human foot could stand. Oh! how often through that live-long night of miserable watching, did I wish that the fate of my poor Rube had also been mine; for to escape from my rocky prison was an impossibility; and the most fearful of deaths, that of lingering starvation, stared me in the face; and frenzied by the thought, I was several times, during that wretched night, tempted to throw myself upon the rocks by the side of his mangled remains.

"At length, that long, long night of horror passed away, and the morning dawned, revealing the fearful sight below; and when the sun rose high enough to throw its beams into the narrow gorge, they lighted up the upturned face of the poor boy, and it seemed to gaze up to me with a glance of commiseration for my own fearful situation.

"After a while I heard the swooping of wings, and presently the air over my head was darkened by some passing objects. Still nearer came the rushing sounds, and then the ravine was filled with ravenous buzzards, that had gathered to the feast of the mangled body. As the filthy and disgusting creatures settled down upon the rocks near it, I sickened at the sight, and gathered the loose stones at the extremity of my cavern prison, and hurled them down upon them. All that day I thus kept the hungry vultures from it; and when night gathered around again, the disappointed and ill-omened birds departed. So, for two days longer, I continued to protect my poor friend's remains from the desecrating buzzards, till, overcome at length by continual watching and thirst, I became too weak to break the stones from their loose strata. My hunger I partially appeased with honey, and the bee bread contained in the comb. But the burning, agonizing thirst these created was insufferable; it drove me to distraction; and in my delirium I kept no note of time. The bees, accustomed to my presence, ceased to molest me. But how long I remained in this condition, I knew not, or, at the time, how I was rescued from death. I have an indistinct recollection of endeavoring to cast myself into the cool stream that rushed below me, and seemed to whisper in my ears the sweetest music mortals ever heard, inviting me to its delicious embrace. I remember, too, in my attempt to reach the mouth of the cavern, my falling against the rocky wall, and feeling a warm gush of blood, which, in my dying thirst, I essayed in vain to suck up from the floor. I remember no more.

"Weeks passed, and when, after days and nights, Life and Death fought for the mastery over my emaciated body, I awoke to consciousness, and found myself lying upon a cot in my father's cabin. My mother was bending over me with all a mother's anxious watchfulness. I gazed about me, and among the familiar objects that met my eyes, were ranged the four pails which Rube and I had carried with us on that fatal bee hunt, and all the horrors of that fearful time at the cavern rushed freshly back upon my mind. I begged my mother to tell me by what miracle I had been rescued from death.

"She informed me, that on the fifth day of our absence, some casual visitors to the Tunnel had been attracted by the turkey buzzards, to the spot where lay the half devoured remains of my poor Rube, and the news of this discovery flying like wildfire, reached the ears of my father. He hastened to the spot and recognized the body, and a search was immediately instituted for me. The sight of our fallen ladder directed them to the 'Hole in the Wall,' as the cavern was called; and on climbing to it, with the aid of ropes and ladders, they found me lying insensible in a mass of coagulated blood, which was already attracting the attention of the keen-scented vultures, gathering in flocks upon the tops of the surrounding cliffs.

They bore me home, where, as I said, it was for many days a contest between Life and Death for the mastery. But my young constitution was stronger than the effects of my fright, fasting and injuries, and I still survive, my friend, to follow a pursuit that came so near being my death."

* * *

A HINT.

Would you both please and be instructed, too,
Watch well the rage of shining, to subdue;
Hear every man upon his favorite theme,
And ever be more knowing than you seem;
The lowest genius will afford some light,
Or give a hint that had escaped your sight.

* * *

CAMPING IN THE SNOW.

BY AN OLD FRONTIER-MAN.

When I was young, I traveled far and wide about the Western States and Territories, over regions now often covered with civilized inhabitants, but at that time beyond the bounds of fixed settlements. I early learned to conform to many of the customs of the red men; for a little experience taught me that they were generally the wisest that could be adopted. I will at present confine myself to a short account of their way of camping in deep snow, to which I have often owed a very comfortable lodging at night, even in the dead of winter, and during the most unrelenting storms. If left to my own care, unassisted by my savage companions, and unacquainted with their practices, I must, I think, inevitably have perished, in more than one instance, with such white men as were with me.

What would such a person do, after traveling all day on snow-shoes, over a surface of snow, with a storm driving across his route, or directly against him, on the arrival of night? What did the Indians do, in many a case like that? Often far remote from any shelter, even a rock or a hill, they seemed almost indifferent to the choice of a stopping-place, if they merely found a few trees, from which they might obtain a little fuel. At the signal of the leader, the whole party would stop, lay down their packs, and go to work. Each knew his duty, and each was immediately engaged in performing it. Some began to collect sticks, choosing those which were dry, or of a nature best fitted for making a fire; some prepared the food; some set themselves to clearing away the snow, by digging out a circular space down to the ground. A hole was soon dug, large enough to allow the tent to be pitched in it, or, if we had none, the construction of a lodge of some kind, of the branches cut from trees or bushes. Many times our parties were provided with tents, and then arrangements were always completed with great facility and success. The canvas covering was raised on the pole, the pegs were confined in the easiest manner possible, a fire soon blazed cheerfully, and our food was soon smoking at it, while the packs were conveniently stowed, and everything else was disposed in order for the night. When provisions were scarce, a party of hunters were among the first who sallied forth, and the skill and sagacity which they often displayed in tracking, starting, killing or capturing game, were such as Indians only can perform in perfection, and white men can only admire, without being able to imitate.

It may not, perhaps, appear at first thought to every reader, what are the great advantages of this manner of encamping: but a little reflection will convince one, that the high walls of snow on all sides, encircling the tent, must protect it from the wind, and prevent the heat of the fire from being expelled. It sometimes required care, to prevent our tent from becoming over-heated; and there never was any danger of suffering severely from cold, even when fuel was scarce. A party of travelers, in health, and warmed by exercise, if crowded together in a tent of common size and good materials, would never, I think even without fire, be in danger of freezing in such a position, if they only kept close within and well wrapped up; as their animal heat would warm the confined atmosphere. But such a case never occurs to Indians, or but very seldom. I can recall many a comfortable night spent in a snow-camp, and many an evening passed in cheerfulness, among the kind-hearted and sagacious red men.

One peculiarity of the Indians I ascertained by repeated observations. I had formerly supposed, what some of my friends and many of my countrymen now believe, that they are destitute of natural affection. I found reasons to doubt the correctness of this opinion soon after I first went among them. On my way up the waters of the Mississippi one day, I wished to obtain information about some travelers whom I hoped to meet; and, seeing an Indian lodge near the shore, I landed and approached it, but found no person within. Hearing voices, I looked behind it, and discovered a young Indian playing with his little child, which he held affectionately in his arms. Not perceiving me at first, he continued to caress and fondle it, speaking to it in gentle tones, and smiling and laughing exactly in the manner of an affectionate father of our race. On discovering me, he immediately stopped, and assumed the cold, repulsive manners and stolid aspect which Indians generally wear in the presence of strangers. Such reserve, I afterwards observed, wears off after acquaintance has been formed, and I often found great freedom and familiarity prevailing in a snow-camp.

* * *

THE MARRIED!—The affection that links together man and wife is a far holier and more endurng passion than the enthusiasm of young love. It may want its gorgeousness—it may want its imaginative character, but it is far richer, and holier and more trusting in its attributes. Talk not to us of the absence of love in wedlock. No! it burns with a steady and brilliant flame, shedding a benign influence upon existence, a million times more precious and delightful than the cold dreams of philosophy.

* * *

"CHILDREN and fools," says the old adage "always tell the truth." "Mother sent me," said a little girl to a neighbor, "to ask you to come and take tea with her this evening." "Did she say at what time, my dear?" "No ma'am; she only said she would ask you, and then the thing would be off her mind; that was all she said."

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER
BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

A SPANISH Grandee in Havana recently asked a Yankee ship captain, with much bravado, "What would be done if ten thousand Spanish soldiers should once land in New York?" "Well," said the Yankee, "if they behaved themselves, nothing would be done; but if they *didn't* behave, they'd be clapped into the station houses, and sent over to the 'Island' to pick oakum." The Grandee walked Spanish.

IT is a very pleasant and proper thing, no doubt, to have a *purpose;* but happy is the man who can indulge in the luxury, now and then, of having none at all; who can give over at intervals the steeple-chase of the world and have a heart-holiday—pass his hand across his brow and wipe out the wrinkles, and so reverse life's engine and be a boy again.

A MAN out West who had a brother hung, informed his friends in the East that his "brother on a recent occasion addressed a large public meeting, and just as he finished, the platform on which he stood gave way and he fell and broke his neck."

A WAG says that in journeying lately, he was put into an omnibus with a dozen persons, of whom he did not know a single one. Turning a corner shortly after, however, the omnibus was upset. "And then," said he, "I found them all *out.*"

THE spirits of some men seem proof against bad fortune. If they are afflicted with jaundice so badly that everything looks yellow to them, they are happy in having always before them *a golden prospect.*

A SPIRIT of cheerfulness should be encouraged in our youth if we would wish to have the benefit of it in our old age. Time will make a generous wine more mellow, but turn that which is *early on the fret* to vinegar.

IT has been observed that ill-natured old maids seldom or never use sugar at the tea-table. The reason probably is that scandal is a sufficient sweetener of the dish.

A WESTERN editor was paid by a subscriber last week, and was so overcome that he has since been unable to attend to his usual duties. 'Twas too much for him.

To marry a rake in the hope of reforming him, and to hire a highwayman in the hope of reclaiming him, are two very dangerous experiments.

WE don't know exactly what "the hight of ambition" is, but we have seen many fussy little specimens of it not much more than five feet high.

THE greatest and the most amiable privilege which the rich enjoy over the poor is that which they exercise the least—the privilege of making them happy.

GENTLEMEN who smoke allege that it makes them calm and complacent. They tell us that the more they *fume* the less they *fret.*

IT is said that a Chinaman, no matter where he finds himself, is never perplexed. Probably the reason is that he always has his *cue.*

IN a discourse in behalf of a blind asylum, the speaker began by gravely remarking, "If all the world were blind, what a melancholy *sight* it would be!"

A LITTLE man grows jealous. We know of nothing to compare him to, unless it's a bottle of ginger-pop in a high state of rebellion.

"SAY, massa, where did de Mexicans suffer de most?" "Why, in *de feet* (defeat) to be sure. What you ask such silly questions for?"

OUR partizan politicians are continually discovering so many mares'-nests, that the colt-trade ought to be remarkably brisk.

IN one of the departments of Switzerland there are said to be over two thousand girls constantly engaged in making *matches.*

POOR paymasters should learn wisdom from the mosquito, who always *settles his bill* the moment he finds you.

LIGHTNING never strikes but once in the same place—therefore, let a man whose first wife was a good one, never marry again.

IF you want enemies, excel others; if you want friends, let them excel you—or at least let them think so.

A HIGHLY "Caudleized" editor of a western family newspaper, heads his marriage notices "Lucifer Matches."

THE toothache may be cured by holding in the right hand a certain root—the root of the aching tooth.

"THE price of liberty is eternal vigilance," and any amount of it is to be had upon those terms.

OFFICE-HOLDERS and office-seekers are patriots by profession; other folks are only amateurs.

MANY a rascal is like a bell; he was made on purpose to be hanged.

MANY a man, *worth* a million of dollars, is utterly *worthless.*

AGE without cheerfulness is a Lapland winter without a sun.

* * *

CURRENT ITEMS.

THE Emperor of France is lavishing millions of money upon his navy, in which he now has nearly three hundred steam vessels, many of them of the largest size. "And yet," says a writer in the London Times, "in case of war, the little navy of the United States would sweep his boasted fleets from the seas. It is not the ships so much as the *men* who man them, that give victory."

A LONDON paper says there are three women now confined in Newgate who are soon to be hung for child murder. One of them beat her step-child to death; another cut the throat of her little daughter, ten years of age; and the third, who had four children, carried two of them to a stream and held them under water till they were drowned.

IT is reported that there are now many men in San Francisco whose families are in a state of destitution, who a few years ago were worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. Speculation in real estate ruined them. One family that were intensely aristocratic during the inflated days, now keep boarders, and take in washing.

WIFE-poisoning and husband-poisoning are becoming so common as no longer to shock the public nerves. There is hardly a month but some man or woman is arraigned for one or the other of these horrid crimes. Unfortunate is that community in which punishment for crime is not certain and swift.

A FEW evenings since, the sexton of a church in this city thinking he could add to the impressiveness of the pastor's description of darkness, attempted to turn down the gas to a proper degree of gloom, but unluckily turned it off altogether, thereby giving the congregation the "real thing."

A MAN in Cincinnati recently accused his wife of being too fond of the company of gentlemen, and especially of that of an enemy of his, whereupon she coolly took down a loaded pistol that was hanging conveniently at hand, and blew the top of her head off, causing instant death.

A MAN in Port Hope, Canada West, a few days since ate, at one meal, on a wager, nine and a half pounds of fresh codfish boiled, and drank thirty-four glasses of beer. That is a man to strike terror to the hearts of boarding-house keepers.

SIX new churches are to be built in Boston this season. It is supposed that the mammoth church for Rev. Henry Ward Beecher will also be erected in Brooklyn during the coming summer and autumn.

A MISSIONARY writing from Japan says that a man is there allowed to have as many wives as he pleases, but the "first wife" is the head of the family, and takes possession of all the children.

A BOY fell through a hole in the ice at Auburn (N. Y.,) and was carried some thirty feet by the current, when he came up accidentally through another hole and was rescued.

AN aged negro woman, named Nancy, recently died in Clark county, Ala., who waited on the wife of Washington (at that time a colonel) when the happy pair were married.

A MONSTROUS grizzly bear, weighing over fourteen hundred pounds, was lately killed by a party of hunters in California. The bear had just before run down and killed a large buffalo.

THE friends of one of the candidates for Mayor of Toledo (Ohio) offer to bet $500 that he can whip any man in the city in a fair stand-up fight, although he is a clergyman.

THE Chinese were terribly frightened by the late comet. The emperor of Cochin China, took to a high tower, with a plentiful supply of poison, so as to be prepared for the worst.

ONE of the St. Louis papers complains that the *arrivals* of the mails from the West now-a-days are not so regular as their *robberies.*

SYBILLE.

BY GRACE APPLETON.

Pale as the snow-crested mountain,
And cold as its snow is thy brow,
Thy soul is a grief-gushing fountain
Whence Marah's dark waters o'erflow

Sunny and bright was thy morning,
Life but a summer-day dream;
But the noontide is clouded with mourning,
O'ershadowed the sun's golden gleam!

Hope, with her radiant rainbow,
Rose brightly o'erarching the day,
But the storm-clouds of grief and of sorrow
Have swept the bright token away!

Hearts that once loved thee sincerely,
Faith, with her beautiful trust,
Garlands once cherished so dearly,
Have faded and crumbled to dust!

Pierced by pale Agony's arrows—
A bandlet of thorns on thy brow,
Wrought by unspeakable sorrows,
Wearily laden with woe.

Wrap thy grief-mantle around thee,
Fold thy white hands on thy breast;
Loosed from the thraldom that bound thee,
Seek thou Eternity's rest!

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AN OLD TRAPPER'S REMINISCENCES.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

"Boys," said old Reuben Hardinge, as, with three of his companions, he sat before his camp-fire in the deep wilderness of the Far West, "it's right amazing how old recollections will plump down on a feller every now and then, and make him about as fit for his business as a turkey-buzzard is for a singing bird."

"What's up now, Rube?" inquired one of the others, as he lazily inhaled and puffed out a volume of tobacco smoke.

"Well, Joe, I war jest thinking back to the time I fust put out for these here diggings, and the right smart chance for a muss that made me do it."

"I never heerd the story, Rube."

"I reckon none of us ever did," said another.

"S'pose you tells it, ef you're in the mood for't," put in the third.

"Well," rejoined Rube, "I s'pose I mought as well tell it, as think about it—though thar's mighty few as ever heerd it—for it arn't one o' the things as I likes to hev cut across my track purty often.

"Let me see now?" pursued the old mountaineer musingly, "thirty year, I reckon, would take me back to a right smart-looking young man. Now you needn't grin so about that, boys, for it's a fact, by thunder. I warn't al'ays the scarrified, stoop-shouldered, grizzly-faced, gray-headed, grunting old beaver you sees me now, I can tell you—but a right smart chance of a sapling—six foot high in my moccasins, hair as black as a crow's, eye like a young eagle's, and with everything about me as limber and supple as a two-year old buck. Yes, that's what I war thirty year ago—but that thirty year has tuk it all down amazing."

The trapper paused for a few moments, as one lost in contemplation, and then resumed:

"Yes, thirty year ago,—it don't seem a great while, nyther, though I've done a heap o' tramping and seen a heap o' rough and tumble sence then,—thirty year ago it war, and yit I can fotch it all back as cl'ar as ef it war yesterday; and the way *he* looked, and the way *she* looked, and the way I *felt*, all stand out afore me as plain as the nose on your face, Joe—and your wost enemy'll be apt to allow that you've got some nose.

"But you won't understand me, boys, onless I begins a little back o' that partickerlar time, and so I'll do it. You see the way of it war this: I war raised down in Tennessee, on to a plantation that would hev been my father's, ef he'd only had all his debts paid, which he hadn't; and on another plantation, about a half a mile off, thar lived Neil Waterman, who war a colonel in the militia, and a squire-in-law, and some punks ginerally all round.

"Now Colonel Squire Waterman had a darter named Lucy, that war the purtiest speciment of a duck in them parts—slim, straight, plump-lipped, rosy-cheeked, and silky-haired, with two blue eyes that 'ud fotch the tallest brute of a human right down on to his marrerbones afore he knowed what ailed him.

"Well, to git along into the meat of the thing, I fell head over heels in love with Lucy, from the time I war big enough to say boo to a b'ar; and I kept on that way, only gitting wusser as I growed older; and ef Lucy didn't love me back agin, she made believe to do it, and that did me jest as well for the time.

"But the difference 'tween me and Lucy, as we both growed older, war, that I'd only one to pick from, and she'd everybody—for every scamp in the diggings war arter her—and some o' the fellers I used to think mought be a heap better looking to her than Rube Hardinge—though I could out-run, out-jump, out-shoot, out-holler, and out-lick the hull kit, and stood ready to do it any minute that anybody wanted to try it.

"Well, the p'int I'm coming to, ar' this: Things had gone on one way and t'other purty considerable—and me and Lucy had quarreled and made up agin about a hundred times—and I'd kicked the clothes off o' my bed every night for two months, in dreaming as how I war kicking some mean sneak as war trying to get on to the blind side o' the gal of my affections: things war gitting on this way, I say, when Colonel Squire Waterman he gin a corn-husking, and axed in all the boys and gals around them parts.

"I war thar, in course, and I went thar determined to keep poor Lucy from being bothered with palavers from them as she mou'tn't like; but, for some reason or other, the gal had took a notion jest then that nobody war no bother to her 'cept me, and that I war al'ays in her way when I happened to git along side o' her. That thar sort o' thing naterally riled me up and made me feel wolfish; and when I spoke, I ginerally said so'thing that didn't altogether set well on the stomachs of the crowd—though as to who liked it, and who didn't, I never stopped to ax.

"Now, amongst the ugly mugs as war trying to tote off the affections of Lucy, thar war one called Pete Blodget, that I'd tuk a mortal hate to; and jest as ef they'd both planned out how they could best fotch the catermount into me, he squeezed himself up along side o' Lucy, and she talked and joked and laughed with him, jest as ef no sech a man as me had never been born.

"Well, for me, I reckon I stood it purty well for a good while; but I felt Satan coming into me as I husked away; and I sometimes pitched the corn on to the pile, and sometimes over my head amongst the stalks and husks—for somehow blood war dancing afore my eyes, and I couldn't al'ays see right well what I war doing. At last the boys and gals all round me began to titter and laugh, and nod and wink, and I knowed it war all about me. Still I husked away, and didn't say nothing often, and then al'ays so'thing sharp and sassy.

"Now ef Pete had jest a minded his own business and treated Lucy respectful, and hadn't said nothing aggrawating to me, it's like he mought be living now to laugh over his triumph; but he couldn't be contented, the fool, when he war well off, and began to ax ef anybody had seed anybody as had chawed a green persimmon lately, meaning me. All the fools, Lucy amongst the rest, laughed at this, and pretended to wonder who he could mean; and as I still held myself down, (though I felt the seat gitting powerful hot, and seen little red things dancing afore my eyes,) he still kept on, gitting wusser and more p'inted like, till at last he says, says he, 'I'm the chap as goes in for ripe persimmons,' and he throwed one arm around Lucy's waist and drawed her over and kissed her.

"Now, boys, I've come to a spot that's al'ays been kind o' blank to me. I don't remember gitting up—but I 'spect I did—for I remember finding myself standing up amongst a mighty excited crowd, with Pete lying down, his head all bloody, and a stove-in whiskey keg along side o' him, that all said I'd jest smashed agin his upper story; whilst Lucy, all fainted and stretched out limpsy, war being toted off by her father and two others, and follered by all the rest o' the gals, crying and screaming.

"The boys around now tuk different sides, and some said I war right, and some said I warn't. But I soon fixed the matter. Stepping out from the crowd, I says, says I:

"'Let them as thinks I've done right, foller me; and them as don't, stay and take keer of Pete, till he gits well enough to ax for a settlement with rifles, which I s'pose he'll do ef he arn't a coward.'

"Well, as I said, the party divided off, and some went home with me, and some staid and tuk keer o' Pete. I got my rifle down and cleaned her, and run some balls, and filled up my powder-horn, so's to be ready, and not keep any body waiting as mought want to hev the thing settled arter a gentleman's fashion.

"By the time I'd got this done, a friend of Pete's comes over, and says as how he'd 'spect me to meet him at a place he named at daylight next morning.

"'I'll be thar!' says I: 'tell him I'll be thar, and give him so'thing wusser'n a whiskey-keg to git over!'

"Well, I was thar; and so war Pete, and everybody else round about them diggings, 'cept the women folks; and they'd a been thar, too, ef they'd only been allowed to come. It didn't take long to fix things for the fight—for all we wanted war a level piece o' ground and a chance to blaze away.

"Rifles at forty paces war the word in them times to settle all such trifles as ourn; and arter measuring off the ground, they set me and Pete face to face, with the butts o' both our pieces standing by our feet; and then all drawed back out o' the way, and some one gin the word to fire.

"Up went our rifles at that word, and both pulled trigger at the same time. I felt so'thing queer about my neck; and putting up my hand, I found Pete's ball had gone through within a hair's breadth of my life; and I seen Pete at the same time clap his hand to his breast, and knowed by that he'd got so'thing to look arter too.

"But thar warn't no time to be spent in hunting balls—for it war a fight till death; and the fust man that could git his rifle loaded now, would hev the best chance o' talking about the muss arter it war over; so I went in for loading as fast as I could.

"Now I claims to be some at loading a rifle, and you'd better believe I done my best jest then; but in spite o' all I could do, Pete got ahead o' me, and I begun to feel that my time had come. Pete I knowed war a dead shot; and ef he could hev ten seconds for an aim, it war all up with this coon; and so when I seen him shaking in the priming, whilst I war only ramming down the ball, I jest looked round to the rising sun to say good-by to daylight.

"I don't think I'm any more o' a coward than any other man; but when I seen Pete steadily raising his piece, and knowed when it come to a dead level that I'd not know nothing, I'll own up I felt powerful queer; and ef the little money and traps I had, could hev bought me about ten seconds, I don't think I should hev waited long afore making the trade.

"Well, boys, that thar rifle come up slow and steady; but jest afore it got so as I mought hev looked straight into the muzzle, it war jerked one side, and went off in the air, and Pete Blodget fell down dead in his track, jest when two seconds more o' his life would hev ended mine.

"As soon as I found he war dead, I knowed I'd hev to quit them diggings sudden—for he'd got friends enough to set the sheriff arter me, and it warn't pleasant to think o' being cooped up in jail. So I broke round to Colonel Squire Waterman's house, and got a sight o' Lucy, who war jest about as white as a snow-bank.

"'Lucy,' says I, 'you're a critter as has kicked up a good deal o' mischief with me—but I forgive you. I came to tell you that Pete Blodget won't trouble nyther of us no more, and that I'm jest a breaking for tall timber. Good-by, Lucy—I'm bound to quit—I've got to go—and on this here 'arth we'll never meet agin.'

"I war going on with so'thing more; but Lucy fell down fainty like; and so I left her, and put off for strange parts. I got to the Massissip that day, and got a passage to St. Louis, whar I soon got in with some old trappers, and started out for the life I've follered ever sence."

"And what became of Lucy?" inquired one of old Rube's interested listeners, as the trapper ceased, and dropped his head upon his hands.

"Ah me, boys! that's what I can't answer!" sighed the old mountaineer; "and when a spell comes over me like thar done to-night, I generally sets and wonders. Ah! Lucy—poor, dear Lucy—nobody never loved you like this here old grey-headed beaver done when he war a kitten—never—never, Lucy—never!" and the old trapper drooped his head still lower, and drew his rough, hard hand more than once across his eyes.

◆

Singular Inconsistency.—When men wish to get out of trouble, they seek advice from a lawyer—the only man in the world who can make money by sowing dissensions. When they wish for health they apply to a doctor—the only man in the world who can make money by keeping people sick.

◆

We often regret we did not do otherwise, when that very otherwise would in all probability have *done for us*.

THE FAITHFUL ARTIST.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

For truth-telling there never was any artist like the Sun.

For discernment, for prophetic touches, there never was any artist like the Sun.

When a man or a woman sits down to be taken by this incorruptible and unflattering portrait-painter, he goes under the skin, through the flesh, and drawing out the spirit, he paints *that*. Sometimes he paints it as it is at the moment, and sometimes he gives all its past history at a single touch. Sometimes, again, he paints it as it is yet to be. The features and the form of the face he gives, of course, but these are but circumstances, mere adjuncts to his picture.

Here are eight or ten faces pictured forth by the sun. Look at them, read them—you could not find so clear a page on the living faces. *They* cover themselves—they are in themselves a mask, or, at least, they change so, at every passing thought, that it is hard to discover what is the abiding expression. You may be for years familiar with people and yet not know the prevailing spirit of their hearts. But just have a collection made of their sun-taken pictures and study those. On one face—it has always been so gay that you have sometimes wondered if the owner of it had *no* part nor lot in the sorrows of the world—you shall see *endurance*—patient, but hopeless endurance, marked in lines that you cannot mistake. Ah! the Sun has found out the hard and bitter secrets of a life *you* could not fathom.

On another face is good nature—you have often seen *him* in a passion, and do not regard him as so very good natured—but he is: that is the character [illegible]. Another face shows the bold determination of its owner's disposition. On another face is written "Peace." Another says "Bashfulness, though powerful in my nature, does not save me from being very fretful."

Resolution and promptness is the expression of another face. Sweetness and gentleness of another—you know that, perhaps, from your own discovering. But you are astonished to behold the savageness and sternness of a pirate lowering from the picture of the face of one who to you has ever seemed the incarnation of pleasantness and cheerful kindness.

Others also notice this face, almost with fear, but you confidently declare to all that for once at least the illustrious artist is at fault, for that the original of *that* portrait is the exact opposite of what he there appears.

Wait and see—*you* have made many mistakes which are yet to be corrected, but the Sun makes no mistakes.

Here is a picture of a being whom you have regarded as a human gosling or calf—how you *are* amazed, and well you may be. In him the Sun has discovered *a man*. See the force and dignity of character on that face, which, on the shoulders of the man himself, appears so insignificant. That picture is a prophecy. Ten years hence your "gosling," if he lives, will be a power in this world, either for good or evil. Wait and see.

◆

LOOK TO THE LITTLES.

The atomic theory is the true one. The universe is but an infinite attrition of particles. The grandest whole is resolvable to fractions; or, as the ditty has it—

> "Little drops of water and little grains of sand,
> Fill the mighty ocean and form the solid land."

So with character, fortune, and all the concerns of life—the littles combined, form the great bulk. If we look well to the disposition of these, the sum total will be cared for. It is the minutes wasted, that wound the hours and mar the day. It is the pennies neglected, that squander the dollars. The majority of men disdain littles—to many, fractions are "vulgar" in more senses than the rule implies. It is apt to be thought indicative of a narrow mind and petty spirit to be scrupulous about littles. Yet from littles have sprung the mass of great vices and crimes. In habits, in manners, in business, we have only to watch the littles, and all will come out clear. The smallest leak, overlooked, may sink a ship—the smallest tendency to evil thinking or evil doing, left unguarded, may wreck character and life. No ridicule should dissuade us from looking to the littles. The greatest and best of men have not been above caring for the littles—some of which, have to do with every hour and every purpose of our lives.

◆

WHAT AM I FIT FOR?

There is only one method by which a young man can discover what position in life he is best fitted to occupy. He must *try*. He may be qualified to plan, to lead, to control, or his talent may be simply executive, and of the kind that assists in carrying out the ideas of other men. In either case his aid is needed in the vast and diversified field of labor presented by a great and growing country. The head and the hand are equally requisite in every branch of science and business, in all the pursuits of actual life. If the man who is merely expert of hand stands or seems to stand on a lower level than he who plans largely and wisely, let him not repine at that, for on the plane where his capacities have placed him there is less of responsibility and anxious care than in the higher positions assigned to more powerful and comprehensive intellects. Having found his true place in the great commonwealth of industry, let the young man cling to it, and not allow himself to be tempted by plausible stories and dreams of sudden wealth, into speculations for which he is not fitted.

◆

As people get old, they grow exceedingly careful of giving money, but become great givers of advice.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Lafitte.—Cuba is about two-thirds as large as the State of New York. Its length is over six hundred miles, its breadth, from twenty-five to a hundred miles. Its present population is about one million and a quarter, of whom a little less than half are whites. Not one fourth of its surface has ever been cultivated. The island could well sustain a population of twenty-five millions. We have reason to believe that a majority of the native Cubans hate the Spanish government, and desire annexation to the United States. A large number of young Cubans attend schools in the United States, where they learn the English language and American ways of thinking.

Julia complains that a young man of her acquaintance, to whom she was but recently introduced, persists in calling her "Julia," instead of Miss Smith, as he should. Such ill-manners deserve no mercy. Pass the impertinent fellow without speaking, till he learns how to behave himself.

Emma.—No respectable daguerreotypist will keep a copy of a portrait taken by him if the sitter objects. It is a point of professional honor with artists not to do so.

Pharmaceutist.—There is nothing better for a young man whose health is giving way under a sedentary employment than to take a traveling book-agency, or any other agency which keeps him out of doors and on his feet.

Moses says the girls call him "a spooney" because he can't raise a beard. That's all very well; but let *them* try it—once.

Reader.—How much truth there is in the story of Napoleon's rewarding the man who attempted to assassinate the Duke of Wellington, you can judge from the following passage from the Emperor's will, written at St. Helena, and deposited in London: "Item. Ten thousand francs to the subaltern officer, Cantillon, who has undergone a trial on the charge of having endeavored to assassinate Lord Wellington, of which he was pronounced innocent. Cantillon had as much right to assassinate that *oligarchist* as the latter had to send me to perish upon the rock of St. Helena. Wellington, who proposed this outrage, attempted to justify himself by pleading the interest of Great Britain. Cantillon, if he had really assassinated that lord, would have excused himself, and been justified from the same motives, the interest of France, to rid her of a general who, moreover, had violated the capitulation of Paris, and by that act rendered himself responsible for the blood of the martyrs, Ney, Labedoyere, etc.; as well as for the crime of having pillaged the museums, contrary to the text of treaties." These words, unworthy of Napoleon, were written when he was sick, embittered and miserable, a short time before his death. His indignation against Wellington was aggravated, by the latter's keeping him cooped up on St. Helena, for fear if the Emperor should ever get at the head of another army, the battle of Waterloo might have to be fought over again with no Blucher to pluck the wreath of victory from Napoleon's brow and place it on his own.

L[illegible].—No poor man has ever been elected President except Gen. Harrison. Gen. Washington, the richest of all our Presidents, died worth about half a million. John Adams, by dint of economy, saved a hundred thousand dollars. Jefferson, Madison and Monroe had large plantations in Virginia, though Jefferson and Monroe died in embarrassed circumstances. John Quincy Adams had a fair estate from the savings of his salaries. Gen. Jackson had a plantation of two thousand acres and one hundred and fifty negroes, the whole being worth $200,000. Van Buren entered the Presidency well off, and left it rich. Harrison was a comparatively poor man, and his death left his family destitute. The recent Presidents have all been men of considerable substance. We consider the salary of the President ample. J. Q. Adams, J. K. Polk, and Van Buren, each saved a considerable sum in the Presidency.

Sarah inquires why gentlemen persist in crowding into the "ladies' cabin" of the ferry-boats and monopolizing the seats, thus forcing ladies to stand, while the "gentlemen's cabin" is quite or nearly empty. It may be that they like the sight of pretty faces; but we fancy a more powerful and less romantic reason may be found in the fact that the seats in the *ladies'* cabin are *cushioned*, while those in the gentlemen's cabin are *not*. We might add that the ladies' cabin is cleaner, did we not blush to remember the tobacco juice upon the floor, which certainly is not the fault of the *women*. Sarah might as well understand, however, that the ladies' cabin on a ferry boat is not and never was intended for the exclusive accommodation of her sex.

Electra.—This lady has a visitor who puts his dirty boots up into her chairs, and on her sofa, whenever he feels tired; thereby defacing the furniture, and soiling her dresses when she sits down upon said chairs or sofa; otherwise (she says) he is a very agreeable companion, and she wants to know how to manage him, and "what we think about it?" We think he must be some old bachelor who has lived alone, and been unaccustomed to nice surroundings. He should be taught, however, that both cleanliness and good manners demand a contrary course of conduct. We should think a lady might find some firm yet gentle way of telling him this.

Joseph.—We are glad to hear that your wife "is always going to church on Sundays." If she neglects none of her duties (and we presume she does not, else you would have improved the opportunity to find fault) we see no reason why you should complain of her church-going. Women—and especially such as have peevish, fault-finding husbands—have need of the support and consolation which religion only can give. A wife is none the less valuable to a worldly husband, even considered from *his* point of view, because she is a sincere, devotional Christian.

S. W. A.—This correspondent is a clerk in a wholesale commission house, and is compelled to work from eight in the morning until nine or ten in the evening. He wants to know if he ought to submit to it. That depends upon whether he can help submitting to it. Too much work is better than none. If he can find a better situation, he need not submit to such hours. If he cannot, he *must*. We advise him, however, not to be afraid of a little extra work in the busy season.

John.—We are not certain that women are "so much more touchy" than men about their age. When you shall have proved to our satisfaction that they are, we will see about answering your question, and perhaps tell you the "reason why." There is as much dodging on this point among men as among women; only men do it in a different way. No doubt tailors and barbers could match mantua makers, with stories to prove this, any day.

Marian wishes to know if it is proper for young ladies to go into business offices or counting rooms, unattended, on a matter of business. Certainly it is proper, though it may not always be pleasant, for them to do so, if they are timid and easily discomposed by a prolonged stare. The best way is to dress plainly, look as unconscious as possible, and get through with your business as soon as you can.

Sam.—No; it is not lady-like for women to go with one hand ungloved in church, or in other public places, for the purpose of ostentatiously displaying their sparkling rings. We always set that woman down as possessing an extra quantity of vanity and empty-headedness, who does such a thing. The display of jewelry *in church* is in particularly bad taste.

N. J.—The town of Patterson, N. J., was named after William Patterson, not the celebrated individual who was "struck," but a learned gentleman who was Governor of the State in 1790, and afterwards Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States.

H. C. J.—The population of Philadelphia is now not far from six hundred thousand; that of New York, about eight hundred thousand; but in New York should be included Brooklyn, which swells the number of New Yorkers to a million.

H. L. T.—The stories about the chameleon changing color are much exaggerated. The change is not remarkable unless the creature is in a rage, when it becomes dark green, the natural hue being brownish.

Ignoramus.—Pater-familias is Latin for father of a family; and mater-familiar, mother of a family.

Columbus.—The punishment which you inflicted upon your daughter for her disobediance was ill-chosen and badly administered. The object of punishment, at least among civilized and Christian households, is not merely to gratify a desire for revenge in a parent's bosom, but to benefit the child. The father who whips a daughter to appease his offended dignity, does an inhuman and unjust act for which he will be held to a strict account. Your daughter did a very improper thing when she insulted you; and you did a still more improper thing, when, impelled by the sting of the indignity, you boxed her ears until her nose bled, and so shattered her nerves as to throw her into a fever. To go to the bottom of the whole matter, a man has no right to inflict any punishment whatever for the purpose of gratifying a *personal* feeling. In assuming the responsibility of acting in the capacity of judge, counsel, jury and executioner, he must be actuated and guided by the loftiest and noblest motives—not by mere petty spite or personal indignation. *It is the motive* by which his course and acts are to be judged. A man who hurls a plank at a foe struggling in the water, to kill him, but thereby gives him the means of escaping death, does a murderous act; while he who, under the same circumstances, in throwing a plank to aid a friend, unfortunately dashes it upon his head and kills him, is innocent of crime, although the act may seem like murder in the latter case, and like the meritorious rendering of aid in the former. The spirit in which we act stamps the deed, no matter what the external circumstances may be. Hereafter, when you punish a child, see that you do it from a right motive and in a proper spirit, and then, no doubt, you will escape the remorse and the deep domestic affliction which you are now experiencing.

Bachelor.—We think you are in the wrong. You have no right to interfere in the domestic government of your sister's children. If you do not like the way she is bringing them up, and if you "can't stand such an infernal row," you should seek a home somewhere else. The crabbed and inhuman tone of your letter shows that you do not comprehend either children or childhood; and we should pity the urchin that had to square its conduct by your rusty old-bachelor rule and compass. The best thing you could do for your sister and yourself would be to get up early in the morning and wash and dress the children; then wait upon them at the breakfast table; then help off those of them who go to school; and at night, after having helped them to their suppers, undress and put the little ones to bed,—and if necessary, sing that wide-awake, two-year-old boy to sleep in your lap, with melodies from Mother Goose—such as this, for example:

A cat came dancing out of a barn,
With a pair of bag-pipes under her arm;
And all she could sing was—Fiddle-de-dee
The rat is mad with the bumble-bee.
O great A, little a, bouncing B,
The cat's in the cupboard and can't see me;
When my ship comes in, oh there will be
My lover dear from over the sea.

Simeon.—It is difficult, if not impossible, to lay down a rule of action which will suit the case of every one. If you have found by experiment, and on a fair trial, that you cannot work well early in the morning, and that you can work well up to a late hour at night, and that midnight labor does not impair your health, then you had better do your work before going to bed. There have been and are now many distinguished men who cannot work in the morning, while other great men can accomplish more during ante-breakfast hours than at any other time. Of the latter class, Daniel Webster and John Quincy Adams were illustrious members. They could and did rise early, and they often did a good day's work before breakfast. Some men work equally well at any hour or at all hours. They will work right through the day and night, and longer still, if necessary, and then recuperate on a few hours of sleep. Such a man was Napoleon, and such is Lord Brougham. Such cast-steel people of course have the rest of mankind, who have to "keep regular hours," at an immense advantage, and distance all competitors. But after all, "Early to bed and early to rise" is a safer motto of most of us.

Kate wants to know if when a gentleman and lady were walking along the street together, the gentleman should see something valuable on the pavement, and point it out to the lady, and she should pick it up, to which of them it would belong. Neither. A person does not come into the legal ownership of a thing simply because he finds it in the street and picks it up. All reasonable efforts must be made to discover the owner, and when discovered the property must be given up to him, on his paying the expenses incurred in finding him out. If the owner can not be found by due diligence, then the finder may retain the property without risk of prosecution for a felony; but should the owner ever "turn up," he could claim his property, pay charges, and take it away. But secretly to keep property that is found, without making any effort to discover the owner, is a felony. In the case above-stated, if no owner could be found for the "something valuable," we think the lady would be justified in retaining it in her possession provided she defrayed the expenses of advertising, &c. The law of gallantry would give her that right, whoever defrayed said expenses.

Maine.—In North Carolina, and, we believe, in some other States of the Union, the whipping post, the pillory, the stocks and the branding-iron are still in use, both for white men and black, and for women as well as men. In the State just named, there are no penitentiaries nor State's-prisons. In short, the old system of penalties which, fifty years ago, prevailed all over the world, exists there unchanged. It appears to work well. There is no State in the Union where the people are more generally honest and law-obeying than the people of the "Old North State." The penalty of burglary in North Carolina, if committed at night, and a lock is forced, is death. Within twenty years, a man has been hung in that State for stealing a few articles at night, of the value of three dollars.

David.—You should be careful how you allow your anger to get the mastery over you. Should you quarrel with your best friend, you and he would both rue it probably to your dying day. Read the following description (by Coleridge) of the quarrel of Roland and Sir Leoline, to your friend, and you will both be the better for it:

"Each spoke words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs that had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been."

Mrs. C.—We can not answer "yes" or "no" to your question when you ask, "Do you believe in 'Woman's Rights?'" We believe that women should have their *rights*; but it has not yet been decided what their rights or man's rights really are. The phrase "Woman's Rights" has come to have a conventional meaning which renders it offensive to many people, and we think the less often it is used the better. Most of the matters involved are not questions of *right* but questions of *taste*. Women now have the *right* to do many things which no woman of good taste would do; and but few females of good culture would ever condescend to avail themselves of the "rights" contended for by the amazons of the sex.

Jennie.—This correspondent is an elder sister, and, as she expresses it, "the pack-horse of the establishment." Everything comes upon *her*. This being the case, she will have the satisfaction of knowing that she could not be in a better school to learn how to make some good man a useful, loveable wife. Don't fret. Better a little hard work than the foolish drawing-room life which makes such bad wives and neglectful mothers.

J. S. P.—This correspondent wants to know "if, in case he should send us the *best poem ever written in the world*, we would pay him a dollar a line for it." We never make blind, suppositional bargains. Besides, we think that we would prefer the best poem ever written *out of the world*. That would be a decided novelty—except among "spiritualists."

Janizary.—The Mamelukes opposed to Napoleon at the Battle of the Pyramids numbered some twenty-four thousand and were commanded by Mourad Bey. They fought gallantly, but melted away under the fire of Napoleon's artillery and the rolling volleys from his solid an invincible squares of infantry.

Clara.—Your husband ought to be ashamed of himself to refuse to walk with you, unless you always leave the children at home. That is a very pitiful, small business. A man should be proud of his children, and willing to bear *his* part in making them innocently happy. A good, unselfish father will always do so.

Mrs. F. S.—We cannot answer your question in detail. Some people prefer one kind of Sewing Machine and some another. Each manufacturer has his admirers. We have one of Grover & Baker's in our own family; and we must say in justice to the manufacturers that it is as good as it was represented to be.

Samanthe.—It is useless to try to "win back" a lover who has deserted you for another. He is not worth winning back; and besides, the more you strive for him, the more obstinately he will rebel. Let him go—and then perhaps he'll come back.

H.—St. Patrick died about the year 493. It is not known whether he was born in Ireland, England or France. His works were published in 1658, but we know not whether they can now be procured.

Solomon.—If you can't tell whether to marry or live single, you had better live single till you can.

Boy.—The word *billet-doux* means a sweet little note; hence, a love-letter.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*